

THE CRITIC, And Journal of Literature.

TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous present, and to rally round it the young heart and hopes of the country.—Address, Nov. 1st, 1844.

TO THE READERS OF THE CRITIC.

It is with much satisfaction that we are at length enabled to announce the adoption of the great ultimate design which we early stated as contemplated in the establishment of THE CRITIC. Our readers will remember, that very shortly after the first appearance of this Journal, they were informed that the plan upon which it had been resolved to proceed was by steps, slow that they might be certain, extending its aims with the growth of its means, as public confidence and support, always hardly won, should permit of costlier enterprises. We stated then, that the final aim of THE CRITIC was to become a regular Weekly Journal of Literature and Art, fairly competing with its contemporaries in all that, in our opinion, belongs to such a publication. But we observed, in reply to frequent entreaties that we would at once take up the position essential to the influence to which THE CRITIC aspires, that we would not venture until assured that it might be done with safety, until a sufficient body of subscribers was obtained to secure success, and a reputation had been won which would go with it into the mighty arena of European literature, upon which it would then march as one of its formally recognized and established public organs.

Certainly we did not then anticipate the singular success which has so soon enabled us to perform this promise. But public approval having surpassed expectation, and assurance being given that it may be done, not only with safety but with advantage, we can no longer hesitate to mature the scheme of THE CRITIC, and give to it the position in Literature and Art which custom accords only to a weekly journal.

On and after Saturday, the 3rd of May next, THE CRITIC will make its appearance weekly.

But although the reader will then receive it more than twice as often as now, it has been resolved that the cost to him shall be increased but *the merest trifle*, so that the change shall not inconvenience even those whose means are the most straitened.

Accordingly, the price of THE CRITIC will be reduced from SIXPENCE to FOURPENCE. The stamped copies will of course be FIVEPENCE.

By this reduction of price, the added cost to the subscriber, for the doubled advantage of a weekly instead of a fortnightly issue, will be *only one shilling per quarter*, or just a *penny per week*.

The first weekly number, on the 3rd of May, will commence the second volume of the new series, and will thus afford an excellent opportunity for new subscribers. We ask those who take an interest in its progress to make this known to their friends.

We shall avail ourselves of the enlarged space thus afforded to introduce many improvements which were impossible under the restrictions of a fortnightly issue. No skill could condense a fair notice of all new publications within the compass permitted by our present columns. From each number we have been compelled to exclude much that would have interested the reader, and wanting which THE CRITIC was, as a literary journal, incom-

plete. Foreign literature and art especially have been hitherto perforce neglected. With enlarged means, these subjects will receive the attention they deserve; and we hope that all foreign works of note will be introduced to the English reader in the columns of THE CRITIC.

It may be as well to state also that we have no purpose to dedicate any portion of our added pages to the reports of scientific societies and the other dead-weight material with which it is the practice of the existing literary journals to burden one-half of their columns, whereby they are rendered altogether uninteresting to the general reader; to all, indeed, save a few persons who might better seek such information in journals specially devoted to abstruse science. We shall adhere to the plan with which we commenced, and which has received universal approval, of making THE CRITIC purely a journal of literature, philosophy, and art, in all their branches, and as far as it may be practicable, so to select its contents, that every word of it, from the beginning to the end, may be perused with pleasure and advantage by *every* reader. This plan will enable us to devote a great deal more attention to books and works of art than is now given to them by any weekly publication.

The same strict impartiality and independence will continue to be observed. No change is made in the conduct of THE CRITIC. It is still, and will continue to be, in its proprietorship, editorship, and authorship, altogether in *private* hands, and unconnected with any publisher or bookseller. It will keep the reputation for honesty it has won, and it is hoped yet more deserve a character for ability, as by degrees it shall gather about it a circle of thoughtful, soundhearted writers, whose principles are in accordance with those which THE CRITIC has avowed its determination to oppose to that which we believe to be the unwholesome scepticism and mind-degrading spirit fostered by the philosophy promulgated by the leading literary journal.

Hitherto we have been unable to pay so much attention as we could have desired to intellectual amusements, the Drama, the Concert-room, &c. In the first place, the period that elapsed between a fortnightly issue deprived such information of its freshness; secondly, we could not find sufficient space for it, with justice to claims of more importance; lastly, the orders usually accorded to journals were refused to us, expressly upon the plea that a fortnightly issue did not place us in the rank of a regular journal. All these obstacles will, doubtless, now be removed, and, as occasion offers, THE CRITIC will preserve, partly as a record, partly by way of criticism to guide the inquirer, an account of the doings in the department of public amusements, but sedulously avoiding a complaint so often and justly preferred of undue prominence and disproportionate space devoted to them. The notices will be brief, but we trust sufficient for the purpose for which they are consulted; viz. as a trustworthy guide what to visit.

We cannot promise that the entire design shall be accomplished at once. As we have begun, so we must proceed, by steps, adopting improvements as opportunities occur. But this promise we repeat, and our subscribers from the beginning will bear witness to our faithful observance of it hitherto, that whatever added resources increasing circulation and advertisements may bring to THE CRITIC, will be applied to the accumulation upon its pages of whatever talent or information money can procure, until it shall have become that which it is our ambition to make it, one of the foremost in worth and influence among the literary journals of the world.

LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

A Sketch of the Military History of Great Britain. By the Rev. ROBERT GLEIG, A.M. Chaplain to the Forces. London, 1845, John W. Parker. Demy 8vo.

THIS book, though professing to be no more than an outline of our military history, supplies a desideratum we have long felt, and that, too, in a very succinct and impressive manner.

Commencing with a general view of "the beginnings of Military History," and glancing at the armies of Greece and Rome, the author enters upon the immediate field of his labour by describing successively the military systems of the Ancient Britons, Saxons, Danes, and Normans; thence he proceeds to a review of the feudal system, to the introduction of fire-arms, and the changes occasioned thereby, commenting on the last days of chivalry, and next, to the establishment of a standing army, the history of which he closely relates down to the present day.

A few extracts from the work itself will convey to the reader better notions of its character than the most lengthened comments we can make; we therefore at once have recourse to its pages:—

ANGLO-NORMAN INFANTRY.

The regular or heavy infantry under the first princes of the Norman line, that is to say, the embodied corps of foot, whether kept in pay by the sovereign himself, or furnished at his requisition for active war by the barons, were defensively armed with iron basenets, or skull-caps, and with doublets either of coarse leather or quilted linen, or sometimes with the jack. Their weapons of offence were the lance, the battle-axe, the pole-axe, the black or brown bill, the sword, the dagger, and the gisarme. In later times, the morris-pike, the pike, and the halbert, came to be substituted for some of these; but at the period of which we are now treating they were all in use. Moreover, there have come down to us, and may yet be seen in the ancient Armoury in the Tower, specimens of the whole of these weapons, with the single exception of the gisarme. Indeed, that is a weapon concerning which, though it be particularised in the statute of Winchester, antiquaries do not agree whether it was a sort of bill, or a mere club. But seeing that it is there referred to as among the arms of the humblest class of freemen, we are justified in assuming that it was of an inferior degree of utility.

The battle-axe and pole-axe must have been tremendous weapons, at a time when men fought on all occasions hand to hand. They were shaped like the common axe, except that the handles were considerably longer, and the blades broader, sharper, stronger, and therefore more weighty. The black or brown-bill—for it was indifferently so called on account of the process of japanning which the metal underwent—was a species of halbert, of which the cutting part was hooked like a woodman's bill. Two spikes projected from it; one straightforward, wherewith a thrust could be delivered; the other bent backwards from the blunt side of the blade, which could be used as a hook, if it were sought to drag a knight from his saddle. The mallet, as the name denotes, was a heavy leaden mallet, fixed into a handle five feet long, and provided with a spike in the butt. As to the lance, it was both the oldest and the least complicated of all the weapons of those days. It consisted of a shaft of tough ash, and a sharp and long steel head introduced into it.

The difference between the expense of munitions of war, and the pay of an army, in the fourteenth century, is so striking, when contrasted with the like in our day, that we extract the following curious scheme of charges; it is that of the muster-roll of the army with which Edward the Fourth, in the twentieth year of his reign, sat down before Calais; and of the expenditure to which it subjected him.

	At per diem.
	£. s. d.
My Lord the Prince	1 0 0
Bishop of Durham	0 6 8
13 earls,	each 0 6 0
44 barons, and bannerets	0 4 0
1046 knight	0 2 0
4022 esquires, constables, centenaries and leaders	0 1 0
5104 vintners (commanders of 20), and archers on horseback	0 0 6
335 pauncemen	
500 hobiliars	
12,480 foot archers	each 0 0 3
314 masons, carpenters, smiths, engineers, tent-makers, miners, armourers, gunners, and artillery-men,	pay varying from 12d. to 3d.
4474 Welsh foot; of 200 vintners	0 0 4
" " the rest	0 0 2

700 masters, constables, mariners, pages
900 ships, barges, belongings, and victuallers

31,000 the total of the aforesaid m.n., besides Lords.

Total expense per diem £294 0 0

It would seem that the first use of cannon by British troops traceable in our history was at the battle of Cressy. But though their utility must have been manifest, and consequently their desirableness felt, the English neglected the casting of them, and were dependant, not only for these, but even for their matchlocks, demi-haques, and arquebuses, until the time of Henry the Eighth.

FIRST ENGLISH CANNON.

The first cannon cast in England came from the foundry of John Owen, who lived in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and performed his task either in the year 1521 or 1535. Clarendon contends for the latter date; but, however this may be, we find Henry, in 1543, employing two foreigners, one Peter Baud, a Frenchman, and Peter Van Collen, a Dutchman, to cast for his use 'certain mortar-pieces, being, at the mouth, from eleven inches wide to nineteen inches wide.' 'For the use whereof,' says Stowe, 'the said Peter and Peter caused to be made certain hollow shot of cast yron, stuffed with fireworks, or wild fire; whereof the bigger sort for the same had screws of yron, to receive a match to carry fire kindled, that the firework might be set on fire to break in small pieces the same hollow shot, whereof the smallest piece hitting a man would kill or spoil him; and after the king's return from Bullen, the said Peter Baud by hims. If in the first year of Edward the Sixth did also make certain ordnance of cast yron, of divers sorts and forms, as fawconets, falcons, minions, sakers, and other pieces.'

The curious in these matters will find at Woolwich specimens of guns, with three barrels or two, of all sizes and all methods of construction, as well in regard to the weapons themselves as to the carriages on which they seem to have been mounted.

The subjoined narrative of the battle of Dettingen, the last in which a reigning sovereign of Great Britain personally took part, is pointedly and graphically told.

BATTLE OF DETTINGEN.

The allies were situated with their right at Klein Ostein and their left at Aschaffenburg, when, on the 2nd of June, George the Second joined them; bringing with him the Duke of Cumberland, as yet a stranger to the sound of war. Though a brave man, and bravery is the characteristic of his house, George the Second could lay claim to small experience, and less skill as a commander; and he demonstrated this fact by permitting his army to remain several days in a very inconvenient situation. Not so his opponent. Having seized the bridges, and so made himself master of the King's line, both in advance and retreat, he sat still to watch the issue, well knowing that for him a state of inaction was the best that could be adopted, while to his opponents it must bring destruction. That, however, which the skill of their general failed to do for them, the bravery of the British troops, when the hour of trial came, accomplished. They were not destroyed, because resolute men with arms in their hands are exceedingly tenacious of life; they won a hard-fought victory, though they reaped no solid advantage from it.

The King having remained stationary till his provisions were exhausted, and till it was seriously proposed to kill the horses, for which no forage could be procured, determined on the 13th of June to fall back upon Hanau, whither he learned that twelve thousand Hanoverian and Hessian troops were come to meet him. Marshal Noailles, who seems to have anticipated this movement, shifted his camp the same night, and leaving twelve thousand men with orders to occupy Aschaffenburg as soon as the allies should have abandoned it, marched with the remainder of his divisions down the course of the stream. He was not unnoticed in this manœuvre. At first it was imagined, because they set fire to quantities of straw and rubbish, that the French were in full retreat; and at nightfall on the 15th, the allies received orders to be ready at dawn for a forward movement. But the dawn shewed them not only a strong intrenchment thrown up on the other bank of the Maine, but the village of Dettingen, and the broken ground about it, seized, and occupied in force, on their own side. The fact was, that under cover of darkness Marshal Noailles had carried about forty thousand men across the river, which he threw, with excellent judgment, right in the King's way; from whom, moreover, the chances of escape were cut off; inasmuch as Aschaffenburg was already in possession of the corps which had with so much judgment been allotted to this service.

The village of Dettingen stands about midway in a narrow plain between the river Maine and a range of low but difficult mountains. A marsh, which has since been drained, covered in those days that face of the village which looks towards Aschaffenburg, while some deep and woody ravines closed in to the right

and left, so as to surround it on three sides with a sort of natural fortification. Here Marshal Noailles posted his nephew, the Duke of Grammont, with the flower of the French army,—the Cavalry of the Guard, the Gens d'arme, and all the picked regiments of horse and foot that were with him. The instructions given to the young soldier were, that he should in this position be satisfied with acting only on the defensive till the proper moment arrived, when, without fail, free scope would be afforded to the impetuosity of himself and of his squadrons. Meanwhile, the farther bank of the stream was lined with batteries of cannon. The heights also, on the other side of the plain, were occupied, and a strong corps was held in hand, wherewith the Marshal himself proposed, so soon as the English ranks should be shaken, to fall upon them. In a word, the French order of battle was as perfect as the mind of man can well conceive: to which indeed the natural slope and bearing of the ground gave great facilities.

On came the allies, in one long column, of which the front was covered by some regiments of English horse; while the left flank lay completely exposed, as well to the fire of the French artillery, as to the attack of the corps which the marshal intended to bring against it. And there seems no reason to doubt, but for the activity and prudence of the Earl of Stair, a total rout would have ensued. But his lordship, taking note of what was going on along the left bank of the Maine, formed about fifteen thousand infantry and cavalry, with the best of the artillery, into a sort of rear-guard; between which and the main column he permitted a considerable interval to occur. It was a wise precaution, and led to the happiest results, to which, indeed, the constitutional impetuosity of the French in no small degree contributed.

The allies moved on; till the position of the enemy became manifest in all its bearings, and the round shot from the batteries began to tell. The column was then directed to deploy; while the cavalry manoeuvred in front for the purpose of covering the formation, not without sustaining some loss from a dropping fire out of the inclosures. But the Duke of Grammont and his associates soon became impatient of the quiet that had been enjoined upon them. They set up a cheer, pushed through the intervals between the marsh and the broken ground, fell upon the English horse, and by weight of numbers broke it. This was enough to spoil all Marshal Noailles' arrangements. The fiery Frank could no longer be restrained. He pursued the English cavalry, broke in upon the infantry, and was in a moment destroyed by a murderous fire of musketry. Meanwhile the fugitive horsemen, being rallied and reinforced by one or two fresh regiments, dashed forward upon their opponents. A furious *mêlée* occurred, during which a cornet of Ligonier's Horse (now the 7th Dragoon Guards), by name Richardson, was surrounded; and refusing to surrender his standard, received upwards of thirty wounds. Though hacked well nigh to pieces, and having the staff of the standard broken in his hand, he never ceased to retain it; and brought it in triumph out of one of the hardest fought affairs in which British cavalry have ever been engaged.

Meanwhile the Marshal, though he exclaimed "Grammont has ruined all!" opened his guns from the left bank, and led over his column with much daring. It was well for King George that Lord Stair had anticipated this movement. Notwithstanding that Dettingen had been carried, and that the troops appointed to hold it were forced back to the farthest range of hills, such an attack, had it fallen upon the open rear of the allied line, must have proved fatal; but Stair's column was at hand to sustain it; and a murderous battle began. Once more the French were defeated. They fled across the bridge in extreme confusion, and abandoning their guns that were in battery by the water's side, sought safety in flight. And now Lord Stair, hastening to find out the King, implored him to follow up the victory which he had won; but George, however obstinately brave, was neither active nor enterprising. He had set his heart upon meeting his Hanoverians at Hanau. He did not wait either to bury his dead or to remove his wounded, but leaving the field which he had won to be taken possession of by a routed enemy, he moved forward. Voltaire, who has well described this battle, says, that happening to meet Lord Stair a few weeks subsequently to the event, his lordship remarked, "You (the French) committed one mistake; we committed two; yours was the passing of the broken ground in front of Dettingen, instead of waiting to be attacked there: ours were, first exposing ourselves to destruction, and then not making a proper use of our victory."

BIOGRAPHY.

Passages in the Life of a Radical.

[CONCLUSION.]

In January 1819, HENRY HUNT arrived in Manchester, and a day or two afterwards was assaulted and maltreated at the theatre by some military officers and residents of the town,

for, as they alleged, hissing when "God save the King" was called for. Numerous assemblages were held in various parts of the manufacturing districts, and then the men of Manchester resolved that they would have one at St. Peter's Field, which should be a spectacle that had never before been witnessed in England.

We had frequently been taunted by the press, with our ragged, dirty appearance, at these assemblages; with the confusion of our proceedings, and the mob-like crowds in which our numbers were mustered; and we determined that, for once at least, these reflections should not be deserved,—that we would disarm the bitterness of our political opponents by a display of cleanliness, sobriety, and decorum, such as we never before had exhibited. In short, we would deserve their respect by shewing that we respected ourselves, and knew how to exercise our rights of meeting, as it were well Englishmen always should do,—in a spirit of sober thoughtfulness; respectful, at the same time, to the opinions of others.

"CLEANLINESS," "SOBRIETY," "ORDER," were the first injunctions issued by the committees; to which, on the suggestion of Mr. Hunt, was subsequently added that of "PEACE." The fulfilment of the two first was left to the good sense of those who intended to join our procession to this "grand meeting;" the observance of the third and of the last injunctions,—ORDER, PEACE,—were provided for by general regulations. Order in our movements was obtained by drilling; and peace, on our parts, was secured, by a prohibition of all weapons of offence or defence; and by the strictest discipline, of silence, steadiness, and obedience to the directions of the conductors. Thus our arrangements, by constant practice, and an alert willingness, were soon rendered perfect, and ten thousand men moved with the regularity of ten score.

The meeting was appointed for the 16th, and the Government and the local authorities were in the utmost alarm. HUNT used great exertions to prevent the people from coming armed.

The memorable 16th of August arrived, and the whole population of the neighbourhood, in perfect peace, without weapons, and with flags and music, marched in orderly array to the famous Peterloo. The scene of slaughter that ensued, the blackest in British annals, is more vividly described by BARNARD than we have seen it elsewhere. As to the present generation it is almost a novelty, we extract it entire:—

THE SLAUGHTER AT PETERLOO.

On the cavalry drawing up they were received with a shout, of good will, as I understood it. They shouted again, waving their sabres over their heads; and then, slackening rein, and striking spur into their steeds, they dashed forward, and began cutting the people.

"Stand fast," I said, "they are riding upon us, stand fast." And there was a general cry in our quarter of "Stand fast!" The cavalry were in confusion; they evidently could not, with all the weight of man and horse, penetrate that compact mass of human beings; and their sabres were pried to hew a way through naked held-up hands and defenceless heads; and then chopped limbs and wound-gaping skulls were seen; and groans and cries were mingled with the din of that horrid confusion. "Ah! ah!" "For shame!—for shame!" was shouted. Then, "Break!—break!—they are killing them in front, and they cannot get away!" and there was a general cry of "Break! break!" For a moment the crowd held back as in a pause; then was a rush, heavy and resistless as a headlong sea, and a sound like low thunder, with screams, prayers, and imprecations from the crowd-moiled, and sabre-doomed who could not escape.

By this time Hunt and his companions had disappeared from the hustings, and some of the yeomanry, perhaps less sanguinarily disposed than others, were busied in cutting down the flag-staves, and demolishing the flags at the hustings.

On the breaking of the crowd, the yeomanry wheeled, and dashing wherever there was an opening, they followed pressing and wounding. Many females appeared as the crowd opened; and striplings or mere youths also were found. Their cries were piteous and heart-rending; and would, one might have supposed, have disarmed any human resentment; but here their appeals were vain. Women—white-vested maids, and tender youths, were indiscriminately sabred or trampled; and we have reason for believing that few were the instances in which that forbearance was vouchsafed which they so earnestly implored.

In ten minutes from the commencement of the havoc the field was an open and almost deserted space. The sun looked down through a sultry and motionless air. The curtains and blinds of the windows within view were all closed. A gentleman or two might occasionally be seen looking out from one of the new houses before mentioned, near the door of which a group of persons (special constables) were collected, and apparently in con-

versation; others were assisting the wounded or carrying off the dead. The hustings remained, with a few broken and hewn flag-staves erect, and a torn and gashed banner or two dropping; whilst over the whole field were strewn caps, bonnets, hats, shawls, and shoes, and other parts of male and female dress, trampled, torn, and bloody. The yeomanry had dismounted; some were easing their horses' girths, others adjusting their accoutrements, and some were wiping their sabres. Several mounds of human beings still remained where they had fallen, crushed down and smothered. Some of these still groaning,—others, with staring eyes were gasping for breath, and others would never breathe more. All was silent save those low sounds, and the occasional snorting and pawing of steeds. Persons might sometimes be noticed peeping from attics and over the tall ridgings of houses, but they quickly withdrew, as if fearful of being observed, or unable to sustain the full gaze of a scene so hideous and abhorrent.

Again was BAMFORD obliged to seek safety in disguise. He assumed the dress of an old man, and passed his friends even without their recognizing him. All business was at a stand, the shops and warehouses closed, the middle classes in terror of massacre, and the work-people thirsting for revenge. How nearly the rashness of the yeomanry had brought about a terrible revolution appears from this:—

I found when I got home, that there had been a general ferment in the town. Many of the young men had been preparing arms, and seeking out articles to convert into such. Some had been grinding scythes, others old hatchets, others screw-drivers, rusty swords, pikels, and mop-nails: any thing which could be made to cut or stab was pronounced fit for service. But no plan was defined,—nothing was arranged,—and the arms were afterwards reserved for any event that might occur.

On the 10th morning after the fatal meeting BAMFORD was awakened by a knocking at his door; a party of soldiers demanded admittance in the King's name. A company of foot and a troop of hussars, with a posse of constables, had actually been despatched for the arrest of this poor weaver.

This time he was carried to the prison at Salford. His final examination, with HUNT and the other prisoners, took place on Friday, the 27th of August. Great excitement prevailed in consequence of the decision of the Government being yet a secret whether they would prosecute for high treason, or for the lesser offence. It was early intimated that the latter had been preferred. After a long examination, conducted with remarkable skill and coolness by HUNT, they were fully committed for trial to Lancaster Castle.

Their journey to prison was like a triumphal march. Everywhere the people lined the streets and roads, and welcomed them with cheers and blessings. In the Castle, however, they were safely lodged at last, and here the author takes a survey of the story he has recorded so far, and indulges in some reflections which cannot be too extensively diffused among those who dream of popular perfection.

Great, he says, were their errors. Convinced that for a nation to be free it needs but the will to be free, the Radicals of that day foolishly believed that the will existed: "we expected will when there was no mind to produce it, to sustain it; for rational will is the result of mind, not of passion; and that mind did not then exist, *nor does it now.*"

He asserts, and truly, that the Radicals of the present day have not avoided one evil their predecessors encountered, nor produced one additional good. Example has been wasted upon them.

He indicates the true path to true freedom, and beyond all price is the wisdom preached by one who has purchased it so dearly, and whose entire life bears witness that he is honest and plain-spoken. Thus he preaches to his fellow-workmen:—

Instead of wishing to create sudden changes, and to overthrow institutions, it were better that ignorance alone, the fruitful mother of arrogance and hard-heartedness, were pulled down. The masses should be elevated; instruction becoming the hand-maid of God's grace; for it would be his work after all. Whatsoever was offensive to right-feeling, or opposed to the well-being of mankind, would then disappear and become absorbed in the great uprising of mind. Many who are now but as atoms in the dust, would then become exalted; many would become nobles, in the truest sense; many would be masters, not so much of others as of themselves; and, affecting sublimity would be the spectacle of that new dominion of light and peace; the aurora of that great day, when "the lion shall lie down with the lamb." A virtuous and enlightened people could not be enslaved.

Having conquered themselves, where should they find oppression to conquer?

Nor can we help admitting the justice of the complaint with which BAMFORD concludes his earnest exhortation:—

It is true, the middle and upper ranks have scarcely been just towards you; they have not cultivated that friendship of which you are susceptible, and more worthy than they. Had they done so, you would not have been in the hands you now are. But you can look above this misdirected pride and pity it. The rich have been as unfortunate in their ignorance of your worth, as you have in the absence of their friendship. All ranks have been in error, as it respects their relative obligations, and prejudice has kept them strangers and apart. But the delusion is passing away, like darkness before the sun; and knowledge, against which gold is powerless, comes like the spreading day, raising the children of toil, and making their sweat-drops more honourable than pearls.

And THIS is precisely the mission of YOUNG ENGLAND. This is a portion of the task to which THE CRITIC, as its literary organ, has devoted itself. If any ask sneeringly what are our principles, what we purpose and hope to do, to that sentence we point as containing our reply. Rich and poor shall know each other better; and to know will be to respect and love. The enterprise will be slow and toilsome, but it will have the blessing of all good men, the help of all that is best and wisest in society. The hearty welcome with which the enunciation of the principles and policy of Young England, distinctly declared for the first time in the columns of THE CRITIC, has been received by all ranks, as proved by the deep interest they have excited, and the great and rapidly growing demand for them, shew how ripe is society for the social reforms we advocate—how rich the harvest which we may hope by perseverance to see ripening around us. Such books as this of BAMFORD will much aid the great work, and therefore it is that we dedicate it to so large a space.

His incarceration was not so tedious as he had anticipated. At the assizes the bill was found, and the prisoners traversing, were discharged on bail. These just and admirable reflections close the chapter that pictures the proceedings of the court most graphically:—

PROGRESS OF SOCIETY SINCE 1819.

One encouraging reflection will come in place before I close this chapter; it is this. The observant reader will have noted that we were sent from the New Bailey to Lancaster Castle, because we had not sureties ready to give bail with us. Now suppose a catastrophe like that of Saint Peter's Field was by any means to take place in Manchester in these days, does not the reader feel assured that no ten honest labouring men would be allowed to be dragged off for want of bail? I am of opinion that now, gentlemen in great numbers and of vast wealth, would come forward without the slightest appeal from the prisoners, and tender themselves as sureties for the fulfilment of the law. Such, if my view be correct, is the great change which has taken place since the year 1819; and should not this change, which is only one of many, that are and have been working vast alterations for the better, in men's thoughts and feelings, encourage us to hope that even without tumult, or violence, or destruction of property, or oppression of person, all that is requisite for the redemption of our native country will in due time be ours, if we can only have patience to rest upon reason, and eschew violence. Some are in the habit of shouting "No surrender!" but I say we should all surrender; we should surrender our passions and our prejudices, and our uncharitableness towards others. We should seek to win as much as we can from the common humanity of our adversaries. The good and the wise will pursue this course, and they will succeed, whilst the treacherous, the arrogant, and the intolerant will dwindle far behind in the march, and will perish of self-contention, instead of coming up to win the laurels.

Their journey home was a continued procession; but it exhibited to our autobiographer the insatiable vanity of HUNT. We cannot omit this anecdote of

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE BEHIND THE SCENES.

I was amused, as well as a little humiliated, by what was continually occurring near me. Hunt sat on the box seat; I sat immediately behind him, and the other defendants were disposed of as suited convenience. Moorhouse stood on the roof of the coach, holding by a rope, which was fastened to the irons at each side. He had kept that position all the way from Bolton, I am not quite certain whether or not from Blackburn. Hunt continually doffed his hat, waved it lowly, bowed gracefully,

now and then spoke a few kind words to the people; but if some five or ten minutes elapsed without an huzza or two, or the still more pleasing sounds, "Hunt for ever,"—"Hunt for ever,"—he would rise from his seat, turn round, and cursing poor Moorhouse, in limbs, soul, or eyes, he would say, "Why don't you shout, man?" "Why don't you shout?" "Give them the hip."—"you, don't you see they're fagging?" Moorhouse himself was fagging; he would, however, wipe his forehead and face, which were as red as a kiln, and waving his hat, and raising his voice, now become perfectly hoarse, he would "hip," "hip," and the third "hip" was generally drowned in a loud huzza, accompanied by the afore-mentioned exclamation, now become so grateful to the ears of our leader; he would then resume his seat, the bowing and hat-waving went on as before, we had a little calm, and advanced a short distance, Moorhouse was again reminded, and the many-throated voice again yielded the words of acclamation.

A successful application was made to the judges to have the trial taken at York. It was then considered desirable that BAMFORD should go to London, to aid in getting up the defence, and he had some faint hopes of an engagement on the *Morning Chronicle*. Thither he proceeded, but his application to the newspaper failed, and he was obliged to seek employment as a writing clerk in the office of Mr. CHARLES PEARSON. A timely subscription for the sufferers at Manchester relieved him, after the endurance of severe distress, and an illness, consequent upon his inability to purchase a dinner. During his stay in the metropolis he received much kindness from Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS.

He returned to Lancashire, with instructions from Mr. PEARSON, who was conducting the defence, as to evidence to be collected, and thence he went to York to take his trial.

It had excited intense interest throughout the country. The court was crowded. HUNT, BAMFORD, and four other of the defendants conducted their own defences. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. SCARLETT.

A minute account is given of this memorable trial, from which we can only take one passage, creditable to the good-humour of the great advocate, and which deserves to be added to the memoranda of his legal life:—

ANECDOTE OF MR. SCARLETT.

Healey, as before intimated, was one of the five defendants who had a seat at the barristers' table. On the second day, Mr. Scarlett had a smelling-bottle which he frequently used, and then laid on the table before him. Our friend the doctor was seated nearly opposite to the learned gentleman, and I observed him once or twice cast very desirous looks towards the phial whilst the barrister was using it. Mr. Scarlett, however, did not, or affected not to notice our surgical friend, and at last, the patience of the latter being tried beyond control, he leaned across the table, and very respectfully solicited the loan of the bottle, which was readily granted. "Oh yes, doctor! by all means," said Mr. Scarlett, politely handing it to him, who immediately applied it to his nose, and evinced its pungency by very zestful sneezing, which obliged him to apply his handkerchief to his eyes. Of course there was some tittering around the table, and Mr. Scarlett was declared to have "taken the doctor fairly by the nose." Hunt laughed till his eyes were brimful, whilst Healey sat quite unconscious and serious. Soon after the bottle was returned with compliments, and the trial claimed our attention. On the third day Mr. Scarlett did not bring the smelling bottle, and the doctor seemed disappointed. On the fourth day, the doctor lugged a long square smelling-bottle out of his pocket, and laid it down before him. Mr. Scarlett took no notice. The doctor smelled and laid it down. Mr. Scarlett took no notice. The doctor smelled again. Mr. Scarlett did not see him. At length, determined not to be outdone in generosity, the doctor thrust it towards Mr. Scarlett with a bow, and a request that he would use it. Mr. Scarlett coloured, but he good-humouredly took the phial, and having smelled, he politely returned it with thanks, which the doctor as politely acknowledged; the same ceremony was repeated once, if not oftener, afterwards, and the doctor then, perfectly satisfied, gave up the farce.

The judge summed up decidedly in BAMFORD's favour, but, to the astonishment of the whole Court, the very stupid, or very prejudiced jury found him guilty with the rest, and they were bound over in recognizance to appear in the next Term in the Queen's Bench to receive judgment. It was now that our author experienced the insincerity of mob favour. He wanted the means to take him to London, to receive sentence. He could procure only the miserable sum of 3*l*. that remained in the relief fund, and he was actually permitted by those for whom he had thus imperilled his liberty to walk to the me-

ropolis for the purpose of submitting to the punishment incurred on their behalf. On the way he met with some interesting adventures. One is worth recording. He had fallen in with a man and his wife, who were returning to the home of the latter after a long absence. BAMFORD was invited to join them, which he did. In the evening they were all gathered very happily, dancing, and making merry, at the re-union, when the younger sister entered, much flurried, and said she had just seen a soldier get off the coach, who she was assured was ROBERT, who had been once engaged to her sister, and who had been reported as killed. Presently the young man himself entered, and then ensued this

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

We had just learned the cause of their whisperings, when the door opened, and a young fellow, pale, slender, and well formed, wearing regimentals, and an undress cap, and with a knapsack properly adjusted, stepped respectfully into the room, and seeing the old woman, he put out his hand and took hers, and spoke to her affectionately, calling her mother. She gazed a moment on his face, as if incredulous of what she beheld. The company had drawn in a half-circle at a distance around them; John, myself, and the old man, kept our seats; the younger sister stood beside her mother, and the married one was on a low seat behind her.

"I scarcely know what to say to you, Robert," said the old woman. "I am glad to see you have escaped death for your mother's sake, but I almost wish you had not called here to-night."

"And why not, mother?—my other mother," he said, trying to force a smile,—"Why not call at a house where I left friends, and mayhap a little of something more than friendship?"

"Nothing beyond friendship now, Robert," said the mother, endeavouring to appear cool.

"Why, where is Margaret?" he said, "I hope nothing has befallen her?"

"Margaret is your friend," said the old woman, "but she is nothing more now. Yonder sits her husband," pointing to John.

John advanced towards the young man and took his hand, and looking towards Margaret, said he believed she had been his wife about two years.

The soldier trembled, and staggered to a seat.

Margaret got up and gave her hand to the young soldier, saying she welcomed him home with all the regard of a sister. She was now married as he had heard, and was about to settle in Loughborough, and if he had never returned, his old mother should not have wanted the tender offices of a child whilst she lived.

"Thank you Margaret," he said; "that is some consolation; you wouldn't neglect my old mother, I know." He put his hand over his eyes, and burst into tears.

"I would not, Robert," she said; "and if in former times I did not value you as perhaps you deserved, I was willing to make the only atonement I could, by cheering the drooping years of your supposed childless parent."

"That is very good!"—"Very fair on both sides!"—"Very handsome!" said a number of voices. Neither of the interested parties spoke—they were both deeply affected.

Arrived in London, he was again put to great straits; but received timely relief from an unexpected quarter. He was sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the gaol at Lincoln.

His accommodations here are described as really comfortable, and, upon the whole, pleasant enough for a prison. One of the keepers was an odd personage:—

A TURNKEY.

The outer turnkey was a merry, loquacious little fellow, about seventy years of age. He proved to be very obliging, fond of money, and somewhat singular in his way. He kept a kind of curiosity-shop, consisting of instruments of murder, or murderous assault, such as hedge-stakes, splintered with breaking skulls, poles broken and bloody, hatchets, bars, and bludgeons. Then he had an arrangement of the skulls of murderers, male and female, and highwaymen; and, next, halters, each ticketed with the name of the man or woman who had suffered in it. This impressive exhibition he displayed with apparent satisfaction, especially when the visitor slipped a piece of silver into his hand.

We will not further dwell upon the incidents of his prison life, however interesting; they must be sought in the pages of the book itself. After the elaborate notice we have given to these small volumes, it will be enough to state, that on the expiration of his sentence, BAMFORD was restored to liberty, having won by his conduct the respect and esteem of the



magistracy and of the officers to whose custody he had been consigned. On his return to his home, he published a volume of poems, and, subsequently, the memoir before us, which appeared in numbers, and obtained a large, and, we hope, a profitable circulation. The concluding chapters are devoted to a few sensible commentaries on matters, social and political, as suggested by recent events. The gathering of YOUNG ENGLAND at Manchester gives rise to the following reflections on

PROSPECTS OF BETTER DAYS.

The working classes are the men to be looked after, the other classes, we know, can take care of themselves. A great deal better way this—cheaper also—than governing them by policemen. A far better sort of relief this, than was ever devised by poor-law maker. Respect them, and you learn them to respect themselves. Respect the men whom they respect; their exemplars, their initiators for good; let these be held in respect wherever they go, and, depend upon it, the others will soon look up also, and begin to climb after them. This is the true way to govern multitudes. Feed them, clothe them, work them if you will, but don't enslave them. Respect them, and the deuce is in it if they don't, every man, woman, and child of them, begin to find out, and soon, that they "are no rubbish."

Then will the women and girls of our towns, of our factory population, begin to want cleaner and smarter garments, and house-floors, and more pure and plenteous water to make them so; then will they begin to want parks and gardens, and public walks, and fresh sweet air that will bring roses to their cheeks; these things they will want as naturally as they will wish for sweethearts and husbands to admire them, and to walk them forth; then will the young fellow, in order to be acceptable to his fair one, put on his clean shirt and his Sunday best, and flinging down his black pipe, and quitting his drowsy companions, he will fly to meet his chosen one, and lead her by hedge-rows and field-paths in summer, by the mellow wood in autumn, and over the crisped snow-wreath in winter, until, when they return home, their garments will smell as sweet as the breezes amid which they have been walking. Such a couple, whether married or single, having thus tasted of nature's blessings on one day of the week, will never return to filth and squalor during the other six. Thus, self-respect will lead to cleanliness, cleanliness will lead to a wish for more pure enjoyments, company will be more select, conversation more chaste and sensible, manners more decent and proper, and a great advance will be made in the improvement of the masses.

Our faith is as firm as that of BAMFORD that our working classes are sound at heart, and need but to be wisely led and kindly treated to realize the proudest hopes of their friends. We believe that the principles and policy of YOUNG ENGLAND, such as we have endeavoured to develop, will eventually accomplish this great object; and we are more than ever convinced that we are pursuing the right path to the glorious end, since the perusal of Mr. BAMFORD's memoir, which is a revelation of the popular mind by one of its best spirits, and as such, deserves to be accurately studied by all who feel an interest in that which must for years to come engross the attention of the philosopher and the statesman—the improvement of the condition of the labouring classes.

SCIENCE.

Mesmerism true—Mesmerism false:—A critical Examination of the Facts, Claims, and Pretensions of Animal Magnetism. Edited by JOHN FORBES, M.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 76. 1845.

THE justly celebrated pretensions of the Review in which the above work is about to be published; the deserved esteem of the character of the colossus of medical literature who presides over its editorial arrangements; and the spirit of candour in which the article is for the most part written, entitle it to an independent notice, far greater than its extent, or any paper written for a review generally commands. We trust that our own remarks will be made in the same conciliatory spirit, while we proceed to point out to our readers the various points in which the genius of error has, in apparent mockery, led astray the inquirer, who is only half divested of the trammels of prejudice.

The author considers his peculiar qualifications for this examination to consist in his having "no feeling whatever upon the subject. Within the last few years, we have at various times dipped into mesmeric literature, and we have also

witnessed a reasonable amount of mesmeric facts; but we have never gained a prepossession, by prosecuting the matter as a special study, nor indeed have we instituted, except incidentally, any experiments of our own."—It is very difficult to conceive of such a state of scientific indifference to results as should lead to the absence of feeling upon a question of such disputed interest, especially in an author who, unless we greatly mistake, is entitled to the paternity of a talented article on Somnambulism, written some years since, and for another work;—but admitting that he really has no feeling upon the subject, would his other qualifications be such as were best calculated to ensure the soundest judgment in any other department of scientific investigation? Take chemistry for example:—could it entitle him to extraordinary weight, in settling any of its disputed and more delicate questions, that he had only dipped into chemical literature—that he had only witnessed a reasonable account of chemical facts,—that he had never made it a special study—and had never instituted experiments of his own? In what way is "prepossession" likely to be gained—by a partial and occasional inquiry, or by a thorough investigation of a subject, which has been made an object of special study? We conceive that this fitful and partial study has led our author, at all event, into an erroneous appreciation of some of his authorities.

We shall have occasion, in the course of our article, to revert to the subject of human testimony; but we must here notice one of his canons by which he professes to try this evidence, viz. that in "cases which contravene all past experience, and the almost universal consent of mankind, any evidence is inadequate to the proof which is not complete, beyond suspicion, and absolutely incapable of being explained away." Now we aver that this canon will nullify all human testimony; for we conceive that the reasoning of individuals upon what they deem experience has been for ever erroneous—and that the almost universal consent of mankind has been often at variance with truth—and that there is scarcely a single fact, however well established upon human testimony, which does not admit of being plausibly explained away. Take, for example, the pressure of the atmosphere: the almost universal consent of mankind would be, that the atmosphere was heavy when it was actually light; and the contrary proposition, or actual truth, would admit of being easily and plausibly explained away. So was it with regard to the human testimony of those who witnessed in France the falling of a meteoric stone: they saw it fall—there was the stone; but it was contrary to experience that stones should fall from the sky—and therefore it could not be—and therefore it must have been there before, and merely uncovered by the lightning; so clear is it, that facts dependent upon human testimony do admit of being explained away: but if so, what becomes of this canon of criticism as applied to magnetic phenomena? It is not to be supposed that we are yet acquainted with all the phenomena of nature; and, therefore, new ones may yet be discovered, and these may render untrue to-morrow what the universally admitted doctrines, and all past experience, have up to this day considered as undoubted.

We must congratulate our readers and the friends of magnetism generally on this writer's adhesion to the fact, that insensibility to pain may be produced by magnetic processes, and that surgical operations may be performed during that state without the cognizance of the patient. This is a great point gained; for when we recollect how short a time it is since this doctrine and this fact were repudiated by the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society, as contrary to all past experience, and to be explained away by the mistake or collusion of the parties, we do consider it as a large step in advance, when we find the same facts received as true by so respectable an author as the one under review, and bearing the imprimatur of the *British and Foreign Quarterly Review*. But we feel bound, by every feeling of humanity, and by our love of truth, and justice, and science, to enter our solemn protest against experiments such as the following, in order to test a patient's insensibility to pain:—

In this latter case all idea of there being courageous dissimulation was removed from our mind, in seeing the same patient afterwards evince both surprise and indignation at the treatment received; as, from particular circumstances, a substantial inconvenience was to result from the injury to the finger (which had been held in the flame of a candle), which was by no means slight. (p. 12.)

"*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*"—let the interests of disputed science perish from our globe, and let us pursue our darkling way in ignorance rather than that a fellow-creature should suffer from our thoughtless experiments! If knowledge cannot be obtained without so costly a sacrifice, let us retain the sympathies of the heart, rather than enlarge the dominion of the head.

We have no objection to the assimilation of magnetic phenomena with those of hysteria, catalepsy, &c. We admit their *affinity* but not their *identity*. We have always contended that all the facts of magnetism are to be found as natural recorded facts, and many of them will be found under this class of disturbed nervous function. The similarity is admitted; but they are not *identical*, because the effect of magnetic action would be oftentimes to relieve, and even dissipate, hysteria and catalepsy; and its invariable effect, when justly administered, is to invigorate, whereas that of hysteria and catalepsy is to enfeeble. They are not, therefore, identical. It is enough for our purpose that similar states exist in nature, and, therefore, that they need not be *denied* as magnetic products.

We must here notice a remark of our author's:—

That any one who shall consult the writings of the most practical and scientific will see nothing but discrepancy and dispute; and it will be found that some of the soberest heads virtually acknowledge that we know, indeed, very little upon the subject (hysteria). (p. 12.)

We do firmly believe that in this capacious and ill-understood group of diseases will be found cases very analogous with magnetic phenomena; and we must claim for the latter what is so readily conceded to the former, viz. *their reality*, notwithstanding the discrepancy and dispute with which magnetic statements are justly charged, and notwithstanding the virtual acknowledgment by the soberest and wisest heads that we know very little upon the subject. And how should we? If there be an analogy in these forms of nervous manifestation, and the former have resisted the acumen of anxious inquirers for thousands of years, can it be expected that the latter would be more tractable in little more than half a century?

Before proceeding to that part of our author's discussion, in which he considers the higher phenomena of magnetism, we must demur a little to his authorities:—he does not seem to be thoroughly or deeply conversant with the best authorities on his subject, while he gives to TESTE an estimation which he never deserved, and even that which he had in reality has been greatly weakened by his English dress,—a translation which, however literal it may be, has evidently been "done into English" by one unacquainted with the niceties of the French language. Again, we must complain that he wholly passes over the Report of the French Academy of 1831,—a Report abounding in facts, observed with great caution, by truthful observers, and during a period of six years; nor can we hold him quite guiltless for passing over all the philosophy, all the sound reasoning of Mr. NEWMHAM's recent work, and quoting from it two insignificant passages, which can give no just idea of the work itself, which leave the whole scope of the work untouched, and which are only calculated to lead his readers into error.

This naturally leads us to *envisage* the question of human testimony, for our author considers, that, with respect to some of the phenomena of magnetism, "it may be a reasonable question, whether any conceivable amount of testimony should lead us to admit their possibility even,—excepting on principles that would justify the recognition of miraculous interposition." (p. 23.)

The question revolves itself into two branches: first, do these things exist in nature? and, secondly, what amount of testimony is necessary to their admission as magnetic phenomena?

I. Do these things exist in nature? We answer that they do.

We are not called upon to explain the causes or the nature of natural somnambulism: we are as ignorant of them as we are of the causes and the nature of natural sleep; but the phenomena of sleep-waking are chronicled and acknowledged from the earliest records to the present day. The images which are presented to us during dreaming are as vividly correct in all their details as they could be, were they actually present before the organ of vision; we see them with the eye of the mind most accurately, yet without the intervention of

the eye; mental vision therefore may be perfect without any impression made upon the retina. During sleep, also, there are many persons who will hold conversations; and thus we approach very nearly to that morbid state of sleep which has been called somnambulism, or sleep-waking. During this state, it has occurred to us to witness a patient guide himself, and that rapidly, through difficult passages, yet being fast asleep; and instances are recorded of various facts accomplished without the aid of vision,—of persons being perfectly deaf to loud noises, yet awakened by a very slight sound of a different kind,—of those in whom the sense or smell was suspended,—of those in whom, the eyelids being partially open, the globe of the eye has been observed to be agitated by a convulsive movement from side to side,—of those who have written and corrected during their sleep without the aid of the eyes; as for instance, of a priest, who, having written in his sermon "*ce divin enfant*," substituted for the adjective *divin*, *adorable*; and still later, perceiving that this would not read properly and euphonesically, added the *t*, so as to make it "*cet adorable enfant*;" and of those in whom the sense of touch was rendered extraordinarily acute. We cannot either wholly pass over the testimony of our great nature's bard, in the somnambulism of Lady Macbeth, and her vain efforts to wash out the bloody stains from her hands.

We have confined ourselves to one set of phenomena, and our space forbids our following out the inquiry; but we do fearlessly avow that there are no phenomena said to be the product of magnetic agency, which do not possess their recorded prototype in nature; the only question, therefore, is, whether they be *produced* by magnetic agency, and here we are thrown back upon the value of human testimony, because certain persons have averred that they have seen them; are they to be believed?

It has been admitted that miraculous facts, or those which directly contravene the known and established laws of nature, may be substantiated beyond the possibility of reasonable doubt, by a very small number of credible witnesses, who have witnessed the same fact together and at the same time; and that by a mathematical formula, it may be shewn, that the chances of these few witnesses agreeing in error are so small, as to render their agreement tantamount to the best possible amount of human certainty. And as these phenomena are not opposed to nature, but mere developments of some hitherto unknown agencies (though acknowledged as facts), a much smaller amount of testimony is required. But we have the entire amount of testimony required: for instance, with regard to the fact of seeing without the aid of the eyes, we have the avowed testimony of *nine** credible witnesses, who saw and recorded these phenomena—men of the first character and respectability—men whose word would be accepted under other circumstances as fully sufficient. Now, reverting to the calculation of probabilities above alluded to, the chances would be 999,999 to 1 against any *three* of them agreeing in error; and if so, we have an incalculable strength of argument in favour of phenomena attested by *nine*. If our author therefore considers the truth of the "hysterical" phenomena of magnetism established, by credible witnesses, so also must he admit the truth of the cataleptiform phenomena, equally supported by human testimony. And, after all, what is this candid treatise of our author but human testimony? It is so; but it is the testimony of one who has not seen, against those who have seen; it is the testimony of one who has never seen the formation of ice, against those who have; it is the testimony of one who has never witnessed the darkness of a total eclipse, against those who have; it is the testimony of the French Academicians, who had never seen a meteoric stone, against those who had witnessed its fall; it is the testimony of the common opinion of mankind as to the pressure of the atmosphere (because they have never felt it), against those who have calculated its weight; it is negative testimony—the fatal testimony of incredulity, under which we are too apt to seek shelter from the annoyance of having our previous opinions disturbed.

We regret that our author has not been as scrupulous about the evidence of human testimony against magnetism as he has been in favour of its phenomena. Thus we find him altogether passing over the evidence afforded by the report of 1831, and resting with considerable complacency upon the

* Report to the Academy of 1831.

report of DUBOIS (D'Amiens), and the garbled history of the Bardin prize, as detailed by the same authorities. Passing over the constitution of the commission of 1837, which was well known not to be impartial, and omitting all details of its proceedings, we shall merely notice the one fraud which was avowedly practised by its reporter, DUBOIS (D'Amiens), in the substitution of one Cloquet for another, in order, as he said, to make a better case for himself; and this avowed fraud is enough to vitiate the testimony of that entire report, as drawn up by himself.

Then, again, our author, quoting only from these suspicious sources, does not give the *finale* of MADLLE. PIGEAIRE's history—doubtless not from any intention of his own to suppress that history; but having obtained it through this polluted source, whose triumph would have grievously tarnished by the relation of the fact, that when this young lady was withdrawn from competition, and the cry of collusion had been loudly bruited, her friends offered a prize of 30,000 francs to any one who, in their ordinary waking state, could read through her bandage, no competitor presented himself for this prize.

We are well assured that our author was himself misinformed upon this sequel to the history of the Bardin prize, because, first, we believe, from intrinsic evidence of his work, that his wish is to be candid as far as his anti-magnetic prejudices will permit; and although we have not the advantage of his own name, which would be incompatible with the original design of the article, yet we have an undoubted voucher for his trustworthiness in the semi-paternity of his editor.

We have but one other remark to make with regard to his authorities. Thus, at page 27, our author appears to place the experience of M. PETETIN in opposition to that of his magnetic confrères; whereas, in point of fact, they were not confrères, and the observations of M. PETETIN have relation to the *natural* phenomena of catalepsy. In 1787, M. PETETIN published a memoir on the phenomena of catalepsy and somnambulism, as *symptoms of hysteria*; these symptoms are identical with those produced under some circumstances during magnetic agency; but his aversion to magnetism induced him to ascribe these effects to a very different cause. It is important that we have his observation of these effects as *natural symptoms*. The principal phenomenon is that of the transposition of the sense of hearing to the epigastrium; the patient could neither see nor hear by the ordinary method of the senses, but he discovered accidentally that she could hear if spoken to over the region of the stomach, and afterwards ascertained that she could read in the same way. It is quite true that M. PETETIN accounted for these phenomena upon an ingenious theory of electricity, and that he denied them as being ever the result of magnetic agency. We have, therefore, his testimony—the testimony of an opponent of magnetism—to their existence in *nature*. Subsequently it appears that similar phenomena occurred to M. PETETIN, as exhibited by other cataleptics, in which there was a translation of the senses, not only to the epigastrium, but to the fingers and toes. These cases had been carefully recorded, and were published in one volume in 1808, after his death, under the title of *Animal Electricity*, &c. The history of eight cataleptics is given in this volume; and, in addition to the transposition of the senses above alluded to, there is recorded a great development of the intellectual faculties, prevision of their approaching maladies, and other magnetic phenomena. Yet these are all natural cases, and not as our author has taken them to be, *magnetic cases*; their influence upon his reasoning is of course fatal. It is, however, to be remarked, that although M. PETETIN continued to account for these symptoms upon his early electrical hypothesis, yet he withdrew his opposition from magnetism, the truth of which he late in life acknowledged. This posthumous work of M. PETETIN is preceded by a biographical notice, which refers to several works on physiology and medicine, in which analogous natural histories are consigned. A perfectly similar case, entirely independent of magnetism, is recorded in the *Transactions of the Physical and Medical Society of Orleans* (vol. 3, p. 159, 1812); in which the transposition of the senses, intuition, and prevision were remarked. These, then, we may now safely assume as facts existing in nature, and therefore taking away all our author's reasoning upon them as having no prototypes in natural experience.

We are disposed to admit, with our author, that the power of prevision, "or of *seeing* into futurity, as distinct from *inferring* probable occurrences, is no human faculty." But we believe that during the magnetic state the senses acquire such an increase of development, and that there is such an exaltation generally of intellectual power, as to enable the individual to foresee and to predict certain acts of the organism which are concealed from ordinary foresight, and to infer probable occurrences which, to an ordinary understanding in the waking state, would appear improbable, or would not be presented at all to the mental vision.

With regard to the difficulties arising from human testimony, we have already shewn that the testimonial in favour of these *natural* phenomena is far greater than would be required to prove their truth, were they in direct *apparent* contravention of the established laws of nature; and that the evidence is unusually complete, because, as in the case of the French commissioners, we have the concurring testimony of *nine* credible witnesses to the facts they had seen together; that this evidence is free from suspicion, while that of their opponents is branded with avowed deceit, and that it is incapable of being rationally and honestly explained away. It is not required for the completeness of valid testimony, that the statements of different witnesses "must be decisive and coincident among themselves;" this is a canon of evidence which would destroy all the hitherto admitted laws with regard to human testimony, in which minor differences actually confirm the truth of the whole, and in which it is so impossible to have the same facts producing similar impressions upon different nervous systems, that it is the certain sign of conspiracy and perjury when all witnesses tell precisely the same tale. Nevertheless we fully believe that the investigation of the evidence requires great caution and deliberation, because we believe, with our author, that these phenomena have been simulated, sometimes with wicked design, but more frequently from the influence of the imagination and the imitative character of the entire class of symptoms, and without any intention to deceive.

The failures of clairvoyant individuals, though oftentimes dependent upon the detection of imposture, by no means prove conclusively that the faculty does not exist with them. Every ordinary person must be quite conscious that certain favourable circumstances are necessary to his best exhibition of intellectual power; and that certain, and sometimes very trifling unfavourable circumstances, will temporarily supersede that power:—a public speaker shall be brilliant in all his conceptions to-day, but grievously common-place to-morrow, and this too perhaps from the slightest, almost inappreciable, derangement of health, or worry of mind; and the more highly exalted and spiritualized the faculty, the more easily will it be liable to disturbance. Common charity, therefore, requires that we should extend the same measure of indulgence to the failure of experiments in clairvoyance, as we do to the failure of similar experiments in electricity; and while "we cannot philosophically admit the truth of clairvoyance, supported only by testimony that is imperfect in itself, and encompassed with suspicion," we cannot philosophically *deny* its truth, or exclaim upon its fraud, because of the failure of experiments on the subject, so long as we have abundant and unquestionable evidence of its existence as a *natural* product; so long as we possess unshaken evidence of its existence as a magnetic phenomenon.

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It is useless speaking of the dreadful *ennui* one has to endure on board. Nothing but air and water, water and air. The shores of Bornholm and Veland are flat, distant, and unpicturesque. Every one sits and lies about as he best can, either on camp-stools or the hard benches. Conversation is attempted now and then. Being for the most part a *mélée* from various countries, one would think a little might be said about whence we came; but no, there's no sympathy for any thing but the place we are going to, and of that nobody knows any thing, consequently the dialogue is not very animated. The men smoke strong cigars; here and there a book is taken up, but not for very long. For my part I did nothing, and attempted nothing, but resigned myself philosophically to *ennui*. The wind was very violent, and some of the women were still ill, but not I among them; I fancy I begin to act the seaman a little. It was bitterly cold, and I was, therefore, inseparable from my cloak, all the while grieving sincerely that it was not three times as large. Showers of rain and hail formed a pleasing variation with the sharp wind: then all hurry to the cabins. Once there, I clasp my hands and admire Wilberforce, thinking of the abolition of slavery. My ideas run so soon from the cabin to a slave-ship, necessarily reminded of its horrors by the confinement, the pressure, the atmosphere, and the want of order. Remember, no reflection is meant to be cast upon the *Irithod*; but in a narrow space, and among so many people, there can be nothing but confusion. The cooking department is particularly horrid. The dishes are washed by men with hands and clothes black with beer and ashes; nevertheless every thing is comfortably swallowed down; but I only venture upon eggs and bread: no strange ingredients are likely to be found there; and then I drink with such eagerness, you would not believe it. To tell the truth, I am rather ashamed of myself, but I can't help it; in short, I drink wine, common red wine, which on shore nothing would induce me to put to my lips; but the sea air seems to give it some irresistible and indescribable charm;—now don't alarm yourself, and think I shall be coming from my journey as drunk as an old Viking—my passion has not yet gone beyond half a glass morning and evening, and moreover it is sure to vanish in the air of *terra*

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report of DUBOIS (D'Amiens), and the garbled history of the Burdin prize, as detailed by the same authorities. Passing over the constitution of the commission of 1837, which was well known not to be impartial, and omitting all details of its proceedings, we shall merely notice the one fraud which was avowedly practised by its reporter, DUBOIS (D'Amiens), in the substitution of one Cloquet for another, in order, as he said, to make a better case for himself; and this avowed fraud is enough to vitiate the testimony of that entire report, as drawn up by himself.

Then, again, our author, quoting only from these suspicious sources, does not give the *finale* of MADLLE, PIGEAIRE's history—doubtless not from any intention of his own to suppress that history; but having obtained it through this polluted source, whose triumph would have grievously tarnished by the relation of the fact, that when this young lady was withdrawn from competition, and the cry of collusion had been loudly bruited, her friends offered a prize of 30,000 francs to any one who, in their ordinary waking state, could read through her bandage, no competitor presented himself for this prize.

We are well assured that our author was himself misinformed upon this sequel to the history of the Burdin prize, because, first, we believe, from intrinsic evidence of his work, that his wish is to be candid as far as his anti-magnetic prejudices will permit; and although we have not the advantage of his own name, which would be incompatible with the original design of the article, yet we have an undoubted voucher for his trustworthiness in the semi-paternity of his editor.

We have but one other remark to make with regard to his authorities. Thus, at page 27, our author appears to place the experience of M. PETETIN in opposition to that of his magnetic confrères; whereas, in point of fact, they were not confrères, and the observations of M. PETETIN have relation to the *natural* phenomena of catalepsy. In 1787, M. PETETIN published a memoir on the phenomena of catalepsy and somnambulism, as *symptoms of hysteria*; these symptoms are identical with those produced under some circumstances during magnetic agency; but his aversion to magnetism induced him to ascribe these effects to a very different cause. It is important that we have his observation of these effects as *natural symptoms*. The principal phenomenon is that of the transposition of the sense of hearing to the epigastrium; the patient could neither see nor hear by the ordinary method of the senses, but he discovered accidentally that she could hear if spoken to over the region of the stomach, and afterwards ascertained that she could read in the same way. It is quite true that M. PETETIN accounted for these phenomena upon an ingenious theory of electricity, and that he denied them as being ever the result of magnetic agency. We have, therefore, his testimony—the testimony of an opponent of magnetism—to their existence in *nature*. Subsequently it appears that similar phenomena occurred to M. PETETIN, as exhibited by other cataleptics, in which there was a translation of the senses, not only to the epigastrium, but to the fingers and toes. These cases had been carefully recorded, and were published in one volume in 1808, after his death, under the title of *Animal Electricity*, &c. The history of eight cataleptics is given in this volume; and, in addition to the transposition of the senses above alluded to, there is recorded a great development of the intellectual faculties, prevision of their approaching maladies, and other magnetic phenomena. Yet these are all natural cases, and not as our author has taken them to be, *magnetic cases*; their influence upon his reasoning is of course fatal. It is, however, to be remarked, that although M. PETETIN continued to account for these symptoms upon his early electrical hypothesis, yet he withdrew his opposition from magnetism, the truth of which he late in life acknowledged. This posthumous work of M. PETETIN is preceded by a biographical notice, which refers to several works on physiology and medicine, in which analogous natural histories are consigned. A perfectly similar case, entirely independent of magnetism, is recorded in the *Transactions of the Physical and Medical Society of Orleans* (vol. 3, p. 159, 1812); in which the transposition of the senses, intuition, and prevision were remarked. These, then, we may now safely assume as facts existing in nature, and therefore taking away all our author's reasoning upon them as having no prototypes in natural experience.

We are disposed to admit, with our author, that the power of prevision, "or of seeing into futurity, as distinct from *inferring* probable occurrences, is no human faculty." But we believe that during the magnetic state the senses acquire such an increase of development, and that there is such an exaltation generally of intellectual power, as to enable the individual to foresee and to predict certain acts of the organism which are concealed from ordinary foresight, and to infer probable occurrences which, to an ordinary understanding in the waking state, would appear improbable, or would not be presented at all to the mental vision.

With regard to the difficulties arising from human testimony, we have already shewn that the testimonial in favour of these *natural* phenomena is far greater than would be required to prove their truth, were they in direct *apparent* contravention of the established laws of nature; and that the evidence is unusually complete, because, as in the case of the French commissioners, we have the concurring testimony of *nine* credible witnesses to the facts they had seen together; that this evidence is free from suspicion, while that of their opponents is branded with avowed deceit, and that it is incapable of being rationally and honestly explained away. It is not required for the completeness of valid testimony, that the statements of different witnesses "must be decisive and coincident among themselves;" this is a canon of evidence which would destroy all the hitherto admitted laws with regard to human testimony, in which minor differences actually confirm the truth of the whole, and in which it is so impossible to have the same facts producing similar impressions upon different nervous systems, that it is the certain sign of conspiracy and perjury when all witnesses tell precisely the same tale. Nevertheless we fully believe that the investigation of the evidence requires great caution and deliberation, because we believe, with our author, that these phenomena have been simulated, sometimes with wicked design, but more frequently from the influence of the imagination and the imitative character of the entire class of symptoms, and without any intention to deceive.

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she falls into the mistake of bringing in much historical matter whenever it is possible; that is to say, whenever she visits a place possessing historical associations; and as this happens rather often, the consequence is a compendious little Swedish History, which seems to us very much out of place; but Madame HAHN HAHN, in this, merely copies the fashion set by scores of travellers, who seem to think it a necessary part of their character to assume the historical profession—an ill-judged idea; for there are plenty of books to refer to when we are inclined to do so,—and the reader is sure to turn over to the writer's own observations or adventures, which would be much better if continued throughout without interruption. She observes—

A stranger is not much affected by living here a few weeks or even months. He is more or less pleased, and so he departs. To feel himself at home must be really difficult. Nowhere, I believe, does one feel so much the necessity of possessing house and home and family, to make oneself settled and comfortable, and remain in peace one's life long. Nothing from without must penetrate; nothing foreign must either be seen or heard, it would disturb the equilibrium. Where this is the case, when one has been born and bred here, and never seen any thing else, I cannot but think people may be very happy, happier perhaps, than anywhere else, with the understanding that they have the genius for this kind of life, for confined and circumscribed happiness. How a single man can or does exist, I cannot comprehend. He has no comforts, no compensation; nature does not smile upon him, art cannot engage him, and literature is poor compared to that of other countries. Sweden has never produced a great dramatic poet. Its history is noble and interesting, but entirely and characteristically Swedish, and, with the exception of the thirty years' war, was only in ancient times possessed of any influence over the rest of Europe. So here again, this character of isolation is evident, not indeed individually, but in the people. Each seems almost forcibly condensed, and pressed within himself. An unhappy creature must be unhappy beyond all bounds. When I heard in Germany of these long summer evenings, that at eleven it was still light, and at one o'clock day again, then I thought it must really be too exciting, that I must be quite careful of my dear life; and whether it would not be wasted away too soon, whether I should be able to dance continually, like a fly in the sunbeams. But this was quite superfluous on my part; it is easier to sleep on a Swedish summer day than during an Italian night.

Talking of some noble Swedish families, she remarks—

Girls are of no account in a house, except perhaps in royal families, where they are useful in forming alliances, otherwise they are absolutely dead burdens; they are not wanted; from their very birth they are unwelcome; people are unwilling to give them money to marry, because the possessions must remain grand and entire in the family, which certainly may be very necessary. Women are indeed born to make their external life a torment to themselves; which on them, the weak, the helpless, always presses much more heavily than on men, stronger and more powerfully organized, and formed also by nature for contention. It cannot however be otherwise; the division of property is so ruinous to families, that they would soon be unable to maintain the family honours. It seems to me, the only responsibility they have towards their daughters is to secure them a convent, and aggrandize it as much as possible, so that then the parents see the girls have a place of refuge, and are not compelled to marry for their very bread. Nowhere have I seen fewer preparations for the amusement of the people, than are to be found here. No gardens, no music, no promenades, no theatre; in fact, nothing. The cafés in the Thiergarten are empty—here and there perhaps you see a solitary individual at a solitary table. The pedestrians are few in number, and the pretty houses around seem quite uninhabited, so silent and still are they. Children, who generally make themselves manifest in their merry sports before such country houses, are not to be seen in any direction—neither can you find a flower anywhere. If there be a group of men together, they are sure to be silent. To day, in the Haga-park, meeting with no one on the highway, we turned into a foot-path. There indeed we saw three young men sitting on a bank, stupid and silent. It is true the Haga-park is peculiarly adapted to meditation. Yet it struck us as rather odd to see these young people sitting together perfectly dumb, when they were evidently come out too for their Sunday holiday.

So much as every one is interested in Miss BREMER, we shall be glad to hear a few words from so good an observer as Madame HAHN-HAHN; her account, like that of every one else who meets with the Swedish novelist, only shews us more that is pleasing and charming in her.

I went to see Frederica Bremer at Arsta, her property, three

Swedish miles from Stockholm, where she generally spends the greatest part of the year with her mother and sisters. The latter spent last winter at Nice, but she would not go,—she does not like travelling,—the discomfort, the cold, the annoyances. So she was seven months, seven long Swedish winter months, alone, without a living soul, without seeing any one but the servants who waited on her. I could not believe that any one could do such a thing if she herself had not told me. I was very glad to meet her, for I know no writers, and one is sometimes anxious to see one's fellows. With us, her name is in every one's mouth, her books in every one's hand, and the moment Sweden is mentioned, instantly one thinks on the Fräul-in Bremer. Of course then I was anxious to see her, and was full of the idea I had formed of her from reading her books. I fancied her quiet, rather melancholy, with a little tone of humour; and so she really is; and very, very charming; and you may think I am pleased that my notion was right. I do not know why there is such a prejudice against female writers, that in general an idea of ridicule and oddity is connected with them. They may have answered to it long ago, but they certainly do not now; probably they were of less importance, and were consequently tormented with the idea of being overlooked; and when one is afflicted with a notion of this kind, we are very likely to make ourselves very ridiculous in our efforts to avoid such a misfortune; but we may observe this every day both in men and women, whether authors or not. Now I remember that I was acquainted with Caroline Pichler in Vienna; but it would be difficult for the most evil wisher to find any thing else in these two women, but that they were more agreeable than many others, who cannot put pen to paper. But I know very well to whom we owe the discovery that female authors must be insipid. It is the mediocre class of men who have done this; and there are many more of them than they themselves suspect. First, these men stand upon the school form and prate Latin; then they sit in the lecture-rooms, and busy themselves with one or other of the four faculties; now they sit, for the third time, in a college or somewhere else, work out their pension, and think "Heavens! how hard it is to get any thing to do in this world." And there they are right enough! Then they hear the name of a woman mentioned with praise and pleasure, and that without any reference to her beauty; they don't know what to make of it. "What," they say, "she has not construed Cornelius Nepos; has never heard a philosophical or theological lecture; has never passed an examination; has never delivered a discourse; never written a thesis; can never be minister, or president, or superintendent, or in short any thing; and she fancies she may be celebrated! she must be a downright fool!" Dear brother, I turn myself to thee: is not this the general run of ideas among the mediocre of thy sex? For once be honourable and say, yes! * * * I begged Miss Bremer to shew me her room. It was as simple as a nun's cell. To me it would be very uncomfortable. It is a corner room, with windows on two sides—consequently a double light—and without curtains. Three square tables stood about, quite covered with books, papers, and writing materials; and the furniture was blue, all in the *severe* style. I mean such as invites us *tout bonnement*, as it ought to be, to sit upon chairs and sofas; not to lie, or stretch, or looll about, as I am so fond of doing. Some pictures hung on the walls. "That is a little Teniers, but I know already that you will not like it," said she, smiling, and pointing to one of a peasant filling his pipe. I answered honestly, "No." In general I said no when she said yes: but that was no matter, it is only unbearable when there is mutual dislike. When we feel pleasure in one another's society, it is only an additional charm. We learn to see from one another what we cannot see alone; or, at least, we learn that others have eyes for things which lie concealed to us. * * * She does not like travelling, but I wanted to convert her to make a journey to Italy with me, but she would not. Still she seemed much interested in all I said of other countries; yet it struck me that it was more on my account than any other, with which of course I was very well pleased. She overcame the annoyance of speaking in a language in which one does not think, by using partly French, partly German, which she did simply, naturally, and clearly. She has fine thoughtful eyes, and an open, firm, I might almost say solid, brow, beneath which the well-marked eyebrows move when she speaks, which is very becoming to her, particularly when an idea comes forth in words. She has a little active figure, and was dressed in black. In her ante-room were two large book cases, with books in Swedish, German, French, English, and I think Italian. German is taught in schools with Swedish; Goethe and Schiller are never translated, and everybody knows them well. This of course must give our literature in Sweden a great advantage, which theirs cannot have with us. * * * She draws portraits in profile and miniature in Indian ink, and has an interesting self-formed album of this kind of heads, to which she added mine. In portrait-sitting, I invariably fall into a sleepy fit, very destructive to myself and my likeness; on this account I am never very anxious to be taken, for it wounds my self-love to find my por-

traits so over-naturally simple and stupid-looking. I cannot tell why I should get sleepy, for at other times I can sit quite comfortably, with my hand in my lap. I fancy the look continually bent upon one has a kind of magnetic influence, but so far from exciting my powers, it rather lames them. On this occasion, however, the sitting was rather better, for the Countess Rösen sung some sweet Swedish songs, with a very sweet voice, and I did not so much feel the weight of my imposed immutability. * * * Since I have been with Frederica Bremer, and have seen her in her own house, and among her accustomed occupations, I understand the still life of her books better than ever. The being, the individual, explains all to me; without this explanation I am often remarkably stupid, but with it I know, or fancy I know, what he thinks, what he means, what he is, how he has become so, why he must have been so, and then I am contented. To me the thoughtful, silent appearance of Frederica Bremer is in such inseparable connection with the country of which she is a daughter, with her books, which are her children, that I cannot tell which has best caused me to understand the others.

We had marked some other passages for extract—notice of her visit to the mines in Dannemora, which is described in her customary lively strain, but our space hardly permits us to copy more. Were we indeed to venture further, we should be likely to take the whole volume, for it is very small, and contains so much that is interesting that we must heartily recommend it to our foreign readers. Her visit to Copenhagen, and account of THORWALDSEN'S sculpture, in particular of his Christ and the Twelve Apostles, are what every lover of art and the Danish sculptor should not fail to read.

Impressions of Australia Felix, during Four Years' Residence in that Colony; Notes of a Voyage round the World; Australian Poems, &c. By RICHARD HOWITT. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

RICHARD HOWITT is a brother of WILLIAM HOWITT, and, like him, a poet and a sentimentalist.

Such was manifestly not the man for a settler's life, whose hard realities, contrasted with the comforts of home in a land long civilized, not only forbid the associations which make up half the pleasure of a poetical mind, but lead inevitably to regretful memories of the distant and the past, which could scarcely fail to paralyze the exertions of him whose entire attention is demanded for the present and the future. RICHARD HOWITT, though born and bred on a farm, was not destined to be an exception to the rule.

The results of his four years' endeavours to find happiness as well as profit in Australia, are exhibited in this volume, and they are such as to deter any sentimentalist from following its example. No effort of imagination could invest with poetry the facts of a settler's life. Fancy could not play with his stern realities. The physical labours would not be lightened by song. Whether from misfortune or incapacity for business, every thing appears to have gone wrong with friend RICHARD from the moment of his quitting his native shores until his return to them. An unskilful captain carried him into dangers innumerable, from which his escapes were almost miraculous. All kinds of troubles attended upon his arrival; he was obliged to sleep the first night in the open air. He did not choose a very pleasant location; his first taste of life in the woods was to clear his farm of huge forest trees of very hard timber, which labour was accomplished, partly by the axe, partly by fire. Then the seasons turned out ill. His crops were twice destroyed; one year by a flood, the next by the fly, and the locusts and grasshoppers were continual plagues. At length, weary of disaster and disappointment, he abandoned his rural retreat, hastened to the town, saw men and wrote about them, and in the end he returned to England with his journal under his arm, which he has now published, but of which we are unable to speak in very flattering terms, for it is, in truth, though amusing in some parts, and instructive in others, upon the whole a prosy feeble work, to which the verses that are scattered about among the narrative are not calculated to add much weight or value; for though they are occasionally respectable as poems, they are so out of place in a book of this class, that their merit is in great danger of being forgotten in vexation at the impertinent intrusion of pretty playful rhymes, where we are looking only for a plain, honest, unadorned narrative of things as they are.

These remarks upon the general character of the book will suffice to indicate why we cannot recommend it to the book club, or the circulating library, whose purchases are not upon an extensive scale. Nevertheless it contains much that will amuse, and of that we glean a few passages having some novelty for the reader, and will at the same time present RICHARD HOWITT in the most favourable aspect.

MELBOURNE.

Next to the bell-noise-makers, what strikes us as quite colonial is the immense number of drays, many loaded with wood, drawn by four, six, and eight bullocks: few drays drawn by horses in proportion. There is not so much variety in the shops as in old countries; necessity having, whilst there were few, compelled the shopkeepers to deal in almost every thing. Thus, "general stores" are common. Another peculiarity: you see many people not to be mistaken, hard-faced, grim-visaged, dry-countenanced workmen—and women too—whom at a glance you recognize to have been convicts. Even among the richer folk there are some, not disguised by dress or wealth. The dresses of the people are peculiar too; light colours, and of lighter texture. The houses are roofed with wooden shingles—not inelegant covering; and the heads of the human creatures with straw.

Walking along Collins-street, you see of shops kept by Jews very many—Levi's, Lazarus's, Nathan's, Solomon's, Simeon's, and Benjamin's. There is no lack of Liverpool, Manchester, and London marts; grand shops (one of them the smartest in Melbourne) all kept by these people.

Other peculiarities there are, quite Australian. On our first arrival we frequently met walking about on the Eastern Hill—tame of course—two emus. Parrots, the gorgeous native parrots, abound in cages; cockatoos also, but generally at liberty. On lawns and grass-plots, hop about or bask in the sun, tame kangaroos. At one of the inns a pelican stalks in and out very leisurely. Nor is it anything extraordinary to see tame opossums and other animals of the country, tame exceedingly.

A poet fails; a ploughman prospers. Why, will be apparent from the passage we have cited, and from this picture of

A WORKING EMIGRANT.

There came out among the bounty Irish emigrants some three or four persons of the name of, I think, O'Shanassy. One of these people rented a small place not many miles from us. He and his wife were indefatigable earth-worms. One day my brother, Dr. Howitt, of Melbourne, had ridden up to our farm, and we were talking together, when our Irish neighbour came to us to make inquiry after some stray cattle. His dress was of the coarse grey home-spun Irish cloth. He was bare-footed, bare-legged; carrying his shoes and stockings under his arm, that he might not damage them with the dew. "There," observed the Doctor, "you may do your best, but you cannot stand against that. A sheep will bite so near the ground, that it will starve an ox to death; and a goose, by biting still nearer, will famish both. Scotchmen nor Englishmen can contend with that." The observation was just. He and his family came out at a time, coming at this country's cost, when labour was dear. All of them were workers, and they laid by nearly all their earnings. They then bought a few cattle; land there was in our neighbourhood that had been bought up by Sydney speculators, on which, as it lay unoccupied and unclaimed, they made free to depasture their cattle. Milk they took into the town, where it sold well. They had nothing to pay—neither rent nor taxes—for at least a thousand acres of land. They soon bought a horse, and then four working bullocks; and now and then they added to their stock a cow or two. So thoroughly did they get their godsend estate seem their own, that after they had grazed it without interruption for a year or two, they began to cut down and cart into Melbourne all its best firewood. Regularly, with a horse-cart, and with four bullocks in a dray, these people, besides taking in two churns full of milk, tied together with a rope and slung over the horse's back, before breakfast, took two loads of wood into the town four miles off. This they did six days in every week; clearing, besides the milk, three pounds per week. Their clothing and food cost little; there was no license to pay the Government for, the land not belonging to the Crown: all was nearly clear. When people are so very prosperous, it is a pity they cannot live for ever. One day, as our neighbour was walking by the side of his bullocks, his shoe-string came untied, and it was the death of him. He stooped down to tie it; the bullocks went on, caught the off-wheel against a stump, turned over the dray upon him, and killed him on the spot.

Persons who dream of emigration should take care, before they resolve where to settle, to learn the true character of the country, and shun places liable to such accidents as this of

AN AUSTRALIAN FLOOD.

About the commencement of 1842 we began to clear the best portion, as it regarded soil, of land on our farm—about three acres of meadow. This we had been afraid of doing from the first, so serious a labour it seemed. Overgrown it was with quantities of the largest red gum-trees, burdened with dead prostrate trunks, full of stumps, and covered with tea-tree scrub. This task, after several months' incessant toil, my nephew and myself accomplished. If ever a bit of ground was earned by the labour bestowed upon it, that was. The rising sun found us felling trees, severing with our saw the trunks, and grubbing up roots; under the burning noon-day sun we were often roasting ourselves by huge fires; and the sun dipped down in the western waves, leaving us, thankful for the short cool twilight, still at our labour. What was the result? We made the plot of land like a garden; fenced it with the post and rail split by ourselves out of the timber we had felled; planted it with potatoes; and, just as the rows were looking green and beautiful, there came a flood, destroyed the crop, and we had to plant it again. Nor was that the only loss; there were two splitters located near us, and these men I had engaged to get for me, as they had a license to split timber on the Crown lands, a quantity of posts on the opposite side of the river; these, for which I had paid nearly six pounds, were carried away also. O the flood! A pretty condition the splitters were in too. These two men had been convicts. Their hands were horny with toil; their faces tanned and tawny; their bodies seemed compounds of iron and leather. Hard workers they were, and hard drinkers. Their two huts, made of slabs and bark, were in the flat in one of the farthest bends of the river. One of them kept as housekeeper a female friend, and this friend had then another with her on a visit from Melbourne. They were at this time left alone, for their woodmen were trying to quench their drought in the town. Heavy rains there must have been on the eastern alps, or rather a sudden thaw of snow, which does sometimes take place in summer, for the flood rose rapidly. At midnight, instead of our forty yards of river, the moonlight glittered on a plain of water two miles in width. There stood the huts; we could see them in the rising flood, not yet swept away, and the women were in them. There was a scream in that direction. The flood had been noticed in Melbourne, and the drinkers thought accidentally about the women, and were come. The waters were out everywhere: after taking a long circuit, they managed to wade to the huts; and the scream we had heard had escaped one of the women when, in a deeper current, she had gone, in their retreat, over-head; and they must have been drowned, had the men not arrived just as they did, and led them through the flood carefully by the hand. Soon the huts, the beds, the bedding, clothes, hats, and bonnets, went, in one ruinous sweep, down the broad current.

FARMING IN AUSTRALIA.

I will give the result from my note-book:—"Heigho for farming in Australia! The first set crop of potatoes have been, as they were last year, destroyed by a flood. Again they have been set; and again the uprising green and goodly rows have shewn themselves, to be eaten by flies in myriads; and what escapes the fly is devoured by clouds of grasshoppers, very locusts in voracity. Every thing green disappears before them. Rows of full-grown cabbages have vanished, leaving the stalks hollowed out like egg-cups. Every thing is devoured, or dies partly eaten. All things in this country seem to work together for the farmer's ruin. Were there no floods, no flies, no grasshoppers, the market is perfectly glutted, independently of the regular farmer or landed proprietor, from the Crown lands. * * Thou poor, pitiful, care-worn, fly-bitten, flood-persecuted, grasshopper-devoured Australian farmer, what doest thou in this country? Thou art neither sanctioned by Government nor heaven-permitted! Away with thee from the land." * * About this time I met casually in a newspaper a pound-keeper's advertisement, from which I learnt that two of the bullocks which had strayed away from us nearly two years before, were offered, and most likely sold, by auction, to pay the pounding expenses, just the day before. Thither I walked—twenty-four miles it was from our farm to Kalkallo pound—to learn the result. It rained dreadfully, and the wind and rain faced me; I had a miserable walk thither, to learn that there was, out of 30*l*. which the three stray cattle had originally cost us, coming to us, over and above expenses, 4*l*. 4*s*. A good colonial dividend, only we did not get it. My brother, finding the pound-keeper was about to be discharged for roguery in his office, and seeing there was no possibility, without much trouble, of obtaining the cash, accepted what the fellow offered instead, a good mahogany chest of drawers.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Of the first five persons we saw in Van Diemen's Land, four were convicts, and perhaps the fifth. These were the assigned servants of the pilot. Instantly they approached our vessel, the sight of them rapt me in a reverie of criminal trials, of convicts,

grey wigs, black caps, reprieves, transportation; and lo! here they were—the very commonest shapes of debased kind-of-man-animals ever seen. One of these fellows had been transported from the neighbourhood of Nottingham ten years before. He heard that on board our ship there were some Nottingham people; and he lost no time in making inquiries about his parents; of whom, however, I could give him no intelligence. About a person of the name of Brown, whose mother came to me in Nottingham, begging that I would make inquiries after her son, a fellow-transport, I obtained some information. At the mention of Brown's name, his countenance darkened. "Ay," said he, "we were fellows, old companions, and came out together: his sentence expires in a few months, but mine is for life!" Then, talking about his native place, he grew abstracted; and, taking an old broken penknife from his pocket, he pared his finger-nails unconsciously to the quick. Like Peter Bell's,

His mind was sinking deep
Through years that had been long asleep.

He had not ceased to feel, to reflect, it was evident. He, after a long pause, declared that the one desire ever uppermost, was to undo much of the misery he had done—to see his native place and kindred once more: that to effect this he had once smuggled himself on board of a homeward-bound ship, but was discovered before the ship sailed, and taken back, and flogged for the attempt. He was not, however, fainthearted: life he cared little about, but for freedom much; and he would, the first opportunity, try to escape again.

HEWING OUT A FARM.

Day after day it was no slight army of trees against which we had to do battle; we had to fight hard with them to gain possession of the soil, for the trees in those days were giants. I then felt thankful, knowing well how to appreciate my advantages, that, having been born and brought up on an English farm, all kinds of tools, agricultural and others, were at home in my hands. There was a world of work, digging to lay bare the roots, felling, and then cutting the boles and boughs up with the saw and axe. Such of the boles as were good for any thing we cut into proper lengths for posts; splitting and mortising them for that purpose. Rails also we had to get when there were any boughs straight enough. Some of the trees were of unconscionable girth, six or eight yards in circumference. Immense was the space of ground that had to be dug away to lay bare the roots. And then, what roots! they were too large to be cut through with the axe; we were compelled to saw them in two with the cross-cut saw. One of these monsters of the wild was fifteen days burning; burning night and day, and was a regular ox-roasting fire all the time. We entirely routed the quiet of that old primeval forest solitude, rousing the echo of ages on the other side of the river, that shouted back to us the stroke of the axe, and the groan and crash of falling gum-trees. Night never came too soon, and we slept without rocking. Then what curious and novel creatures—bandicoots, flying squirrels, opossums, bats, snakes, guanas, and lizards—we disturbed, bringing down with dust and thunder their old domiciles about their ears. Sometimes, also, we found nests of young birds and of young wild cats; pretty black creatures spotted with white. The wild denizens looked at us wilily, thinking, probably, that we were rough reformers, desperate radicals, and had no respect for immemorial and vested rights. It was unnatural work, and cruel; especially when, pile after pile, we added to our other ravages, the torment and innovation of vast fires. The horrid gaps and blank openings in the grand old woods seemed, I felt at times to reproach us. It was reckless waste, in a coalless country, to commit so much fuel to the flames. Timber, too, hard in its grain as iron almost, yet ruddy, and more beautiful than mahogany. No matter, we could not eat wood; we must do violence to our sense of the beautiful, and to nature's sanctities; we must have corn land, and we, with immense labour, cleared seventeen acres. On one occasion I was laid up for a fortnight, keeping my bed part of the time, having been struck by a falling tree.

POETRY.

Original Poems on Various Subjects. By Mrs. E. J. LEAN. Whittaker and Co. 1845.

COMPOSITIONS sometimes cross the critic's path which are amusing from their very absurdity. Our readers have been before presented with some specimens of the strange monomania that possesses a certain class of ladies and gentlemen to perpetrate abominable verses, under the strange notion that they are writing poetry; and, still more strangely, prompts them to publish their malady to the world, and to imagine themselves enjoying the honours of authorship, when they are but feeding the appetite for fun.

Mrs. LEAN is a monomaniac of the verse-scribbling species, and we feel profound pity for her infirmity. But charity prompts that we do our best to effect the cure of her malady, and believing that if there be a remedy, it is to be found in a candid exhibition of her absurdities, and that a hearty peal of laughter from her friends is more likely to restore her to her senses than any grave rebuke, we proceed to shew by a few specimens the extravagant absurdity of the poems she has termed *original*, and certainly if they may boast their title, it is for their originality of badness.

A poem on the late Duke of SUSSEX contains such verses as these:—

He has left the glitter and snares of time, and is
Departed: whereto? vague-like sound! what meaneth this?
What retinue attends to Heaven's high court of bliss?

No earthly pomp, parade, can reach th' Eternal throne:
By celestial glory all other is out-shone:
And only one true way through Jesus Christ the Son!

"God save the Queen!" and may the noble Duchess find
The kindest sympathy, and that true peace of mind
Religion gives; and soon be to Heaven resign'd.

The illustrious Duke has left her for a time:
Hope says, they'll meet again, and in a brighter clime,
Where neither beauty, health, nor youth, can know decline.

The prayer for the noble Duchess (of SUSSEX) is very rich.

In this strain Mrs. LEAN addresses "a person about to burn old newspapers:—

Give me a glance before you quite destroy:
For past events will serve the mind t'employ,
And teach of life its worth;
Will shew how reigning fashions pass away,
And prove that all things change, all things decay,
Save sacred lasting truth.

Will shew the pleading senator, whose voice
Shakes the old laws, calm reasoning his choice,
With all the acts he frames,
Those schemes for which he spends his life to build,
In few revolving years his sons repeal'd,
And raised thence their names.

But these sink into insignificance before the *originality* of the address to

MONEY.

Money, money, money! all mankind bend to thee
In every rank and clime, thou demi-deity!
No matter whose superscription 'tis thou bearest,
A cruel Nero's or a Victoria's fairest,
Ah, well-a-day! the truth is and which must be told,
And it is all alike of copper, silver, gold,
And what would great thrones be their estimates without?
From whence then would there be pageantry, ball and rout?
Britons love their sovereigns—their Queen and money too;
Americans their dollars, and they to them bow;
Russians, they work and meddle not in state troubles,
Expecting to amass their opes and rubles;
The Dutch, but, dear me! the theme almost bewilders,
They trade, and they are paid, in florins and guilders;
And the French, don't they talk of cents, francs, louis-d'ors?
(Surely I think you ne'er read such rambling before.)

For once Mrs. LEAN is right. Never did we "read such rambling before."

Confusion worse confounded revels in

GARDEN MUSINGS.

Twilight,—the sun descended in his strength,
In unrivall'd majesty western hills:
Guiding with morning rays his seeming course:
Could man, loquacious—proud humanity—
With bird's-eye glance observe this floating ball—
The earth, how strange its aspect would appear!
At one and the same moment dark and light:
Morning, ev'ning, meridian, noon, and night;
Inhabitants at matins, vespers, pray'rs,
At dinner and supper, at balls and wars;
Some rising, and some going to bed: thus
Some breathing natal air, and some their last.

But we must not weary our readers with too much laughter: let us have compassion on their aching sides. With one other specimen, choice as any we have presented, we take leave of Mrs. LEAN.

ON HEARING A BAND PLAY TO CHURCH.

Music is pleasing; yet it somewhat seems odd
Usage claims martial sounds to house of our God.
Or sounds set to words, mere love songs to the fair,
And music to the brave, yet banishing pray'r.
But rather would we dulcet sounds—which incline
As steps to the graceful, the heart to recline
Where only is safety, through mercy divine.

Still music suggests, 'tis with joy we arrive
At the courts of the Lord, in whom we all live.
Though sold for our country, whatever we be,
The truth of the Lord will alone make us free.

Colloquies on Poetry and Poets. By C. L. LORDAN.

London, 1845. Orr and Co.

WE shrink from dedications and prefaces with the same instinctive fear as from venomous insects. They are invariably stale, fulsome, and hypocritical. If a book be really dull, a preface or dedication only serves to make the dullness more insupportable; and if the book be good, it is a bar wilfully set up to try our patience and to keep us from the anticipated pleasure; a kind of muddy road, which curiosity compels us to wade through before we can reach the garden in which we hope to gather some fruit. Mr. LORDAN opens his book with a dedication to Professor WILSON, and as an original dedication seems not a whit less difficult to discover than perpetual motion, or the philosopher's stone, we did not expect, and certainly have not found, in it any thing new. Mr. LORDAN styles the efforts of his mind "crude in conception and cramped in conformation." He further observes, that "evidences of a want of design and forethought will, I fear, too frequently occur;" and that the critic might be lenient, he remarks, "of this little volume one individual has been composer, compositor, and printer throughout; I have been unaided by a line of manuscript, or other copy." But we hold this as no excuse. If the book be crude and cramped, and marked by no forethought, and Mr. LORDAN knows it to be so, he has insulted the public by its publication; and if it be not so, then has its author stepped aside from the direct path of honesty. LEE, a man of decided genius, though scarcely known to fame, has written so well on this subject, in his poem of *Echoism*, that we pause to quote it. Speaking of the class of writers to which Mr. LORDAN belongs, he observes—

Their works displaying more than common powers,
Are "trifles," called the fruit of "leisure hours."
What does them honour they depict as "crime,"
Each page "a trespass on the reader's time."
Then why affect to slight a thing we own?
If undeserving, wherefore make it known?
Merit should ever its due rank maintain,
For o'er modest looks like over ruin.

By this it will be seen that we rate the book before us less as a mechanical novelty than as an intellectual promise of what the author can perform. If Mr. LORDAN can compose so well without manuscript, how much better could he with it, where he can correct, and add, and cartail, till the creation of his brain comes forth a perfect whole. He has done himself and the public injustice by a foolish pride of appearing singular. But the singularity of composition is a foreign matter to the reader. That BEETHOVEN gave us some fine creations of his genius by striking his fingers on a table when an instrument stood near him, would not redeem the smallest fraction of a fault. He may and he *should* have had an instrument for his fingers. Without it, we may be astonished at the workings of a powerful imagination, which in the nothingness of silence could hear the combination, and understand the stirring effect, of musical sounds, but to us the result is every thing, the cause nothing, since the cause only interests one man, while the result interests the world. We have nothing to do with *how* or by *whom* a book is written. We never for a moment consider whether LOPE DE VEGA finished a play in twelve hours or Sergeant TALFOURD in as many years. We never take into account whether or not a volume has been penned by a king or a beggar. But we ask for pages, which, if lost in the bustle of public life, may still be cherished in private, and which we can bequeath with a proud feeling to a future age, as proof that there have been choice spirits breathing and acting among us.

On opening Mr. LORDAN's book we were impressed with the belief that his style was turgid, harsh, and affected. But to pronounce such a judgment would be highly unjust, as it is more particularly in the opening pages that a purity of style is wanting. We can easily account for the paradox. Mr. LORDAN commenced his *Colloquies on Poetry and Poets* with the common idea that to appear before his readers he must imitate the master of the ceremonies in a ball-room, and hence he decked himself in a costume that he never wore in private.

Or rather he borrowed a manner, as a Lord Mayor borrows a coach, which he rarely uses after the *début*. Take an example of our author's introduction; "Chronologers who descend to the minutiae of modern times, will, in all conscience, have need of flexible pens to pourtray faithfully the fluctuations of feeling and of general opinion which have characterized the age;—its web has indeed been of 'a mingled yarn, good and ill together;' and whether, in the judgment of posterity, glory or shame shall be deemed to predominate in *their* review of the past proximate, the historian, if metrically inclined, may thus impartially usher in his lucubrations:—

'Admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep, and mourn,
For here there is much matter for all feelings!'

But when the author is warmed by a throng of ideas, as Richard by a press of dangers, he becomes literally himself, and dropping hard and inexpressive words, he writes thus impressively:—"Of the bosom's better instincts, the *least* despoiled of its divine simplicity is, methinks, the pure longing to lavish our heart's wealth upon a *child*; and even where the strong paternal bond is wanting, the Great Father of love doth sometimes implant a principle exotic, whose tendrils intertwine and wreath around their object with such tenacity and tenderness, that stronger I can hardly conceive to originate in man the Parent."

Mr. LORDAN is sensible of the claims of the poets and feels the influence of poetry—*real* poetry, and not that vile unmusical rhyme whose greatest merit is an imitation of the creaking hurdygurdy of a poor Italian boy. SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, and WORDSWORTH are treated of in his colloquies, and if not with a master-mind, certainly with one of a quality that could boast of higher things than having used the "composing-stick" instead of the pen to convey its ideas. But the subject is not spent, for we cannot exhaust the inexhaustible. The writings of such men as SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, and WORDSWORTH can invoke more commentaries by their age, as the richest wine is pressed from the ripe grape. The work before us would have been better as discourses than as colloquies. Dialogue, from its very nature, is loose, and wants the concentration of other forms of composition. One argument is set up to be knocked down by another, as children build a castle of cards and destroy it by a touch. The pith of the longest review that could be written on *Colloquies of Poetry and Poets* is in an observation we have already made, that we do not value Mr. LORDAN so much for what he *is*, as for the promise of what he *may be*.

PERIODICALS.

The Westminster Review. No. LXXXIV. for March, 1845. London: Clarke.

SPITE of many changes of management, this Review not merely keeps its ground, but has made rapid advances of late in popularity and circulation. When in the hands of the Benthamite school of philosophers, it was too abstract, too learned for its generation. It was studied with pleasure and profit by a select few, but it found no favour with the many. The present editors appear to have suspected this, and, without descending to frivolity, they have judiciously contrived to invest the work with interest for the general reader, not only by selection of more popular subjects, but by a more popular manner of treating them. The *Westminster Review* has become under the existing management one of the most sober, rational, and readable of the Quarterlies. It is not so brilliant as the *Edinburgh*, nor is it so pedantic as the *Quarterly*. Its characteristic is a tone of good sense, always satisfactory, and calculated to make a more enduring impression upon the reader than the most sparkling conceits. The new number is peculiarly a proof of this remark. It contains seven articles. The first is an "Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Science of Political Economy;" the French Economists being principally considered. "Shakespeare and his Commentators" are next reviewed; then we have an account of the "Recent Negotiations with Germany;" then a very learned and valuable "Chronology of Egyptian History;" afterwards a statistical paper on "British and Foreign Shipping;" then, an essay on the "Treatment of the Insane," abounding in good sense and valuable hints, which

deserve a much wider circulation than any single periodical can give them. The last article is a continuation, the third, of the series on the Abuses of City Administration, which have already created so great a ferment and done so much towards kindling a desire for the reform of the most gigantic injustice yet lingering untouched by the hand of the Reformer. We have not space for extract now. Perhaps, when our weekly publication shall afford more ample space, we may return to the *Westminster Review*.

Irish Union Magazine. No. I. for March. Keene and Son, Dublin.

A NEW periodical, published in the metropolis of Ireland, and intended to be mainly devoted to national topics. In politics it is Conservative, but without bigotry. It seems to abjure the extremes of both parties, and to advocate union of all Irishmen for the purpose of social and political improvement, without regard to sect or party; a generous design, to which every good man will heartily wish success. The first article reviews "the position and prospects of Ireland in 1845," of which a very favourable view is taken by the writer. Miss MARTINEAU's Letters are the theme of an essay, which expresses a confident belief in Mesmerism. The other papers are, as they should be, local in their character, and consist of topography and fiction, the former being illustrated by an engraving. The *Union Magazine* is a credit to the country from which it comes.

The Art-Union, a Monthly Journal of the Fine Arts, and the Arts Decorative and Ornamental. No 78, for March. Chapman and Hall.

So great is the improvement made in this periodical since its change of management, that it would scarcely be recognized by those who had seen it only in its earlier existence. It is now inclosed in a wrapper, and illustrated by a splendid illuminated engraving, besides a multitude of wood-cuts. Moreover it has energetically taken up the subject of decorative art, its application to manufactures, commerce, and domestic life, in addition to the various treatises on art generally for which it was always famous.

The Broadway Journal. New York. Nos. I. to IV.

WE have received from a transatlantic friend and well-wisher the first four numbers of a new weekly journal, entitled the *Broadway Journal*, published at New York. We have perused them with very great pleasure, not merely for the principles and objects which are there supported, but also for the intrinsic merit of many of the articles. The aim of the *Broadway Journal* is to encourage *home* literature to the utmost extent; to advocate the establishment of an international copyright, and boldly to attack and expose any abuses which may come within the scope of their pages. They cater to no publisher, but propose to stand or fall by their own merits. There are numerous original papers, on local and general subjects, such as sketches of American prose writers, Historical Essays, &c. &c. American Art also occupies a considerable share; but the specimen given of wood-cuts forms by far the most inferior portion of the paper, compared with our advances in this department. There is a long and powerful review of Miss BARRETT's poems; and amongst the contributors we see JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL and MARIAN CHILD. The boldness and independent spirit of this enterprise will, we trust, meet the support it deserves. It is something to know that there is a party who are neither content themselves, nor willing that their fellow-countrymen should be content with foreign literature.

RELIGION.

Truth and Error; or, The Union of Truth the Destruction of Error. London, 1843. 8vo. John Snow.

THIS unpretending little volume is compiled from a series of lectures written some years ago, by a gentleman, now deceased, whose name, for some private reason of his own, is withheld from us.

It seems to have been a conviction of his mind that the Christian brotherhood of all creeds and denominations throughout the world, might, without surrendering their particular opinions, be united into one society, under one head; and thus the jealousy, hatred, and intolerance which, to the distraction

of undetermined yet serious-minded people, and the scandal of religion, now so plentifully abound, be happily extinguished for ever. The difficulty which in the present state of things impedes the accomplishment of such an undertaking is commensurate with the desirableness of the end itself. Yet great and insurmountable as it seems, our author has not been deterred from attempting to remove it. His intention was beyond praise, and the ability he brought to his arduous task considerable; his hope was strong, his zeal unquenchable, and his belief of the possibility of effecting this grand purpose was firm and self-sustaining. To carry out his views in all their fullness was not permitted to him; he was called away from his labour to enter that new form of existence for which he had so earnestly exhorted all to prepare, yet not before his scheme for Christian union had been matured, and its outlines laid by word of mouth before the public; and it was in obedience to his often expressed wish that the same is now presented in the shape of a book.

The plan by which the writer hopes to combine all religious sects under one head is as follows:—

Firstly. To shew that there is such a thing as Truth in the world, where it may be found, and that it is distinguishable from Error.

Secondly. That Truth, though originally one, has been divided by various sects of professing Christians, and their several notions concerning it.

Thirdly. That, as revealed in the Scriptures, Truth only can be one and entire; and the way to obtain it from these is in constraining them to take the middle path between the extremes of opinion of various sects concerning it.

Lastly. To effect the desired union, he suggests that all the ministers of Christ's Gospel should compare their ministry with revealed Truth; that Christians of all denominations examine the sentiments they have embraced, make themselves better acquainted with those of others, bringing all to the test of Scripture, and that ministers of every creed and their flocks cultivate a spirit of charity towards each other. In brief, the whole may be summed up into the motto which the author has somewhere used, "In fundamentals, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity."

Such is the groundwork of the plan on which the author would erect the temple of Truth, to unite beneath its canopy all Christian nations, come to it by what channel of belief they may. Though less sanguine of the practicability of his scheme in the present state of society than the author himself, it is nevertheless our duty to call attention to his book, because it contains much that is deserving of serious consideration, and that may profitably be read by all classes of professing Christians. Despite of occasional shortcomings, the argument is connected, the reasoning clear, and the style simple and forcible in a remarkable degree. The sketch of the different denominations of Christians, given in the second division of the work, is the most condensed, clearly defined, and complete we have ever met with. It is, moreover, no small praise to this writer when we add that so justly has he dealt with every sect, and so fairly stated their peculiar doctrines, that, after reading his book, we are at this moment at a loss to say to what creed he does himself belong.

We have no hesitation whatsoever in recommending this volume to the perusal of all who love an earnest, thoughtful, and readable religious book; one, moreover, written in a conciliatory spirit, and with no mean ability.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The Claims of Labour. An Essay on the Duties of the Employers to the Employed. Second Edition. London, 1845. Pickering.

WHEN this thoughtful work first appeared, it was reviewed at some length in the columns of THE CRITIC. The subject is so tempting to those who acknowledge the principles of YOUNG ENGLAND, that we can with difficulty refrain from dedicating another article to a book which embodies so much of that which it is the purpose of THE CRITIC to diffuse. But in justice to the huge heap of volumes waiting for review, we must resist the temptation, and be content with a mere record of the fact that the essay on *The Claims of Labour* has attained to a second edition, and offering another proof how

widely spreading is the new social philosophy of which THE CRITIC is the public organ, and which has been so ably advocated in the volume before us. Amply has it deserved the reputation it has won.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Addresses delivered by Lord John Manners, M.P.; B. D'Israeli, Esq. M.P.; and the Hon. G. S. Smythe, M.P., at the Manchester Athenæum Soirée, &c. London, 1845. Hayward and Adam.

A REVISED and corrected edition of the speeches delivered at the three memorable meetings in the northern counties, at which the principles of YOUNG ENGLAND were first brought distinctly before the public and received with enthusiastic approval by vast assemblages, comprising men of all ranks and of various parties and politics, cannot but be welcome to those who take an interest in the progress of a cause so well commenced, which has been continually growing, and which will ultimately affect the destinies of mankind. The pamphlet is neatly printed, and the speakers have kindly revised for it the proofs of their respective speeches.

Teetotalism Unmasked; being a Tract for the Times. London: Sharpe.

WE are at a loss to understand the object of this pamphlet. A man may fairly doubt whether Teetotalism be necessary to temperance, and honestly enjoy a glass of wine without fear of becoming a drunkard; but we cannot conceive what harm there can be in total abstinence from intoxicating liquors by those who do not like them, or, feeling that they have not strength to resist temptation, fly them altogether. If teetotalism be not a virtue, it surely cannot be a vice. If it be not approved, it is not to be condemned. Truly, it is strange to see persons found fault with for *not* drinking that to which they have no mind. A defence of intoxicating liquors would be a fair, rational subject for a book. A man may honestly argue, in opposition to the Teetotalers, that *he* does no wrong by drinking, and that no bad consequences can come of it to himself or to others; but upon what principle he can turn upon his opponents and say, "You who abstain are erring; it is a sin *not* to drink," surpasses comprehension.

Therefore we think the author of this pamphlet has undertaken a very Quixotic enterprise in attempting to write down teetotalism. So far as his defence of drinking goes it is fair enough; but when he comes to charge it as an offence that people do *not* drink, he is going somewhat too far, and damaging his own cause, by giving occasion for a suspicion that he is not always sober, and that his wrath proceeds from the silent rebuke of his own habits read to him by those who have been more successful in resisting temptation.

Personally, we by no means assent to the doctrines of the Teetotalers. We think temperance quite practicable without total abstinence, and as we preach we practise. But we do not therefore abuse those who, wanting the same courage to resist, or having a stronger tendency to overcome, choose to shun whatever may mislead them. If they err, undoubtedly their error leans to virtue's side, and should exempt them from vituperation.

The Progress of Music on the Continent of Europe from the Earliest Ages to the present Time, &c. London: Cradock and Co.

THIS little work forms one of a series entitled the *New Library of Useful Knowledge*. But although a little book, it contains a vast amount of information nowhere else to be found in a popular and accessible form. The regular Histories of Music are too costly to be bought by any but the rich, and too bulky to be read by any but those in the enjoyment of much leisure. The treatise on our table is addressed to the scanty purse and the busy brain. It is a condensation of the known facts relative to the Progress of Music on the Continent, introduced by a brief but not superficial account of Music in the East, in Africa, in Greece, and Rome, from the first dawns of art.

The concluding chapter presents a bird's-eye view of the present state of music in the various continental countries.

We hope that the time may yet come when England shall profit by example, and rival

THE SOCIAL MUSIC OF GERMANY.

In Germany social vocal music is cultivated more than in any other country; we mean that good singing in which almost everybody can join; and those jovial and good-humoured songs which are the very soul of merriment and glee. These compositions have varied little since the sixteenth century; and we find, in the nineteenth that the old fashions with respect to music are still predominant. Music is generally taught; no schoolmaster is permitted to exercise his profession if he is not able to teach its elements; and if you hear a number of country girls singing in a vineyard, or a party of conscripts going to drill, you are sure to find them singing in parts. The Burschen songs and choruses of the German students are well known; but what must interest every traveller in that land of music, perhaps more than anything else he meets with, are the pleasant family parties, in which old and young assemble together, and father and son, brother and sister, friend and neighbour, pass long and cheerful evenings, with no other resource than music, and requiring no better. They sing in parts; and at these family and friendly re-unions, difficult compositions are frequently executed in a style which is as astonishing as it is pleasing.

The societies of the *Liedertafeln*, literally "table songs," have considerable influence on the music of Germany. They originated with Professor Zelter, at Berlin, and the first meeting was held there in August, 1810. The fundamental laws of the institution require that no piece shall be sung which is not the composition of the members of the society. In general, the songs are written for four male voices (two tenors and two basses), for chorus and solos alternately; but songs ("lieder") for three and six voices, with double choruses, are also written. This society was originally dedicated to social pleasure, and the members assembled once a month after supper; from this simple beginning, these societies have spread throughout Germany, and become the channel of an extensive intercourse in the art.

This useful compendium should be in the hands of all who feel an interest in the ART of Music.

Amusements in Chess. By CHARLES TOMLINSON. London, 1845. Parker.

A VERY treasure for the lovers of chess. The first part narrates the history, antiquities, and curiosities of the game. The second contains a multitude of easy lessons, with the *laws* of the game; and the third is a huge collection of curious chess problems or ends of games won or drawn by brilliant and scientific moves. An appendix presents solutions to chess problems, solutions to problems illustrative of stale-mate, and solutions to fifty curious problems. Here is amusement and instruction, too, for half a dozen winters.

As a specimen of the curious matter which the industrious author has brought together in this unique volume, we extract a passage from a work ascribed to Pope INNOCENT III. but really written by an English monk, named INNOCENT, about the year 1400. It was called

A MORALITY OF CHESS.

This whole world is nearly like a chess-board, of which the points are alternately white and black, figuring the double state of life and death, grace and sin.

The families of this chess-board are like the men of this world; they all come out of one bag, and are placed in different stations in life. They have different appellations; one is called king, another queen, the third rook, the fourth knight, the fifth alphin (bishop), the sixth pawn.

The condition of the game is, that one piece takes another; and when the game is finished, they are all deposited together, like man, in the same place. Neither is there any difference between the king and the poor pawn; for it often happens that when the pieces are thrown promiscuously into the bag, the king lies at the bottom; as some of the great will find themselves after the transit from this world to the next.

In this game the king goes into all the circumjacent places and takes everything in a direct line, which is a sign that the king must never omit doing justice to all uprightly, for in whatever manner a king acts, it is reputed just, and what pleases the sovereign has the force of law.

The queen, whom we call *Fers*, goes and takes in an oblique line; because women being of an aversive nature, take whatever they can; and often, being without merit or grace, are guilty of rapine and injustice.

The rook is a judge who perambulates the whole land in a straight line, and should not take anything in an oblique manner.

by bribery or corruption, nor spare any one; else they verify the saying of Amos, "Ye have turned justice into gall, and the fruit of righteousness into hemlock."

But the knight in taking, goes one point directly, and then takes an oblique circuit, in sign that knights and lords of the land may justly take the rents due to them, and their just fines from those who have forfeited them, according to the exigence of the case. Their third point being oblique, applies to knights and lords when they unjustly exact.

The poor pawn goes directly forward in his simplicity; but whenever he will take, he does so obliquely. Thus man, while he is poor and contented, keeps within compass and lives honestly; but in search of temporal honours he fawns, cringes, and forswears himself, and thus goes obliquely till he gains a superior degree on the chess-board of the world. When the pawn attains the utmost in his power, he changes to *Fers*, and in like manner humble poverty becomes rich and insolent.

The alphins are the various prelates of the church; pope, archbishop, and their subordinate bishops, who rise to their sees not so much by divine inspiration as by royal power, interest, entreaties, and ready money. These alphins move and take obliquely three points, for the minds of too many prelates are perverted by love, hatred, or bribery, not to reprehend the guilty or bark against the vicious, but rather to absolve them from their sins; so that those who should have extirpated vice are, in consequence of their own covetousness, become promoters of vice and advocates of the devil.

In this chess game the devil says "check," whenever he insults and strikes one with his dart of sin; and if he that is thus struck cannot immediately deliver himself, the devil, resuming the move, says to him "mate," carrying his soul along with him to prison, from which neither love nor money can deliver him, for from hell there is no redemption. And as huntsmen have various hounds for taking various beasts, so the devil and the world have different vices, which differently entangle mankind, for all that is in this world is lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes, or proud living.

The London Medical Directory, for 1845.

London: Mitchell.

THIS very useful publication not only contains an alphabetical list of all the medical men practising in London, but states the address, qualification, official appointments, honorary distinctions, and literary productions of each. The mere announcement of such a Directory will be sufficient to insure for it a hearty welcome among the class to whom it is devoted, and all who seek for information relating to the physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners of the metropolis.

MUSIC.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

THIS Society has just concluded the second series of concerts of its eleventh season. It is a reproach to the amateurs of this country that no more imposing attitude has been taken by this band of adventurers, in whose bosoms burns a noble zeal for their cause—the advancement of music as an art in England. It is true that royal patronage is not wanting to it; the names of their Majesties the Queen and Queen Dowager, and of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, add dignity to the prospectus of the Society; but these suns shine too far off to cherish with their warmth the young fruits of this land of promise. We have, for some years past, bestowed much attention upon the interests of this society; we have noted several generations of composers springing within its arena, and nobly sustaining their share in the amicable contest. But we still miss the garlands which should be flung from "on high" upon the victors. Applause, indeed, there is sufficient, but it is from kindred hands, animated by all the tenderness of amity, or, may be, affection. The sterner censure of public opinion is wanting, against which the young and ardent spirits may measure their energies, and from which they may receive their rewards. The question, therefore, which arises, after eleven years of existence, is, why has the Society of British Musicians still to complain of want of public encouragement? There is no doubt that its supporters find sufficient gratification in the pleasant opportunities which it affords of hearing, not only the compositions of the many admirable artists who fill the ranks of its members, but of the great masters of continental, nay, universal fame, so liberally exhibited by the members. But, however great this gratification, we conceive that

the interests of the art and its devoted professors demand a wider field of display and a less *social* form of meeting. The answer to the question which we have above stated, appears to us to be found in the excess of *self-reliance* which has hitherto ruled the motions of this society. The *irritabile genus* is not merely of word-poets; painters and musicians have their natural infirmities, which render an admixture of extraneous elements necessary to their safe existence. Hence, instead of the council of this society being purely professional, there should be a constituent part of it wholly free, by circumstances, from the influence and suspicion of pecuniary expectations or rivalry. A body constituted either wholly of amateurs, with professional assessors, or of amateurs and professors conjointly, before whom all compositions might be tried, would afford a guarantee for impartiality, which should be further secured by regulations such as guide the admission of the competitors for prizes at our universities. But the difficulty would be to collect the elements of such a body. For this purpose every professor who belongs, or desires to belong to the society, must use every endeavour to augment its resources by the introduction of subscribers. We are not framing a prospectus, or we would undertake to shew that a liberal fund might be raised, which should not only pay the expenses of the society, but leave a surplus applicable to the publication of works which cannot at present find purchasers in the market of the music-sellers. Why should not music have its art-union as well as painting? Why should resuscitations of the works of past authors find support, while no helping hand is extended to the young aspirant? The public would not be deaf to the invitation to join in the augmentation of the numbers of this society, were they offered some participation in its fruits. We will illustrate our view by an example. No kind of music has been more successfully cultivated in England than the sacred; yet, with the exception of authors occasionally published by subscription, and a few adaptations from foreign sources, nothing is produced calculated to satisfy the taste of those who are familiar with the sacred works of the foreign masters, or habituated to secular compositions of a far superior character. To those minds, and there are many among the present members of the British Musicians capable of uniting holy and exalting ideas with fitting sounds, the certainty of bringing their conceptions before a cultivated tribunal, and of having it aid in their subsequent wider dissemination, the constitution of this society, as suggested by us, would be full of inspiring influence.

At present the limited means of the Society of British Musicians forbid the production of any works of extensive views, either vocal or instrumental. When it is considered that great expense must be incurred in the hire of a theatre or concert-room, and of the services of many who cannot be expected to sacrifice their time gratuitously at rehearsals and performances; when the cost of copying out the parts and of their multiplication is weighed against either the means of any individual, young, perhaps, in the practice and emoluments of his art, or the prospect of success, we find firm ground for demanding the aid of the public, and especially of the amateurs, in affording facilities to those whose landable ambition is oppressed by obstacles such as we have just enumerated. The day is past when the halls of a CHANDOS are opened to receive a HANDEL, even if heaven granted us another. Such favour, if exhibited, is limited to the executive, rather than to the inventive professor. It is at the hands of the public, or, at least, that portion of it which sustains the Ancient and Philharmonic concerts, that support is to be expected; and we do not hesitate to say that from them it is imperatively due. It is for them to answer it to their consciences whether they can justly pronounce upon the transcendent merits of the compositions which are submitted to them at the performances of these two societies, while they are wholly and wilfully ignorant of that which has been aimed at, or attained, by the artists of their own country familiar with the noblest models which ancient or modern art can supply. From such sources, then, must be derived the *stamina* of this society, as regards both funds and its constitution. The patronage, the vivifying support afforded to other arts, must be contrasted with the niggardly and selfish character of that which starves the art of music. It is for that art we now plead: we ask nothing for its professors. They can always vindicate their claims by having recourse to the inspirations of "young Germany's" pianists, or Italy's melodists. But for the art, now cribbed, cabined, and confined within narrow limits, our

plea must be heard. Ample resources must be placed at the disposal of the expanded Society of British Musicians. Not only must royal and noble names grace its lists, but the owners must be solicited to adorn with their presence its concerts. Animated by their example, "fashion" might be entrapped into imitation; and, perhaps occasionally, listen with as much real gratification to the conceptions of—(no! we will, for obvious reasons, name no one), as to the strains which consecrate the Hanover-square Rooms, or the Italian Opera House. In the meantime, the members of the Society of British Musicians must bear in mind that all depends upon themselves; if they are satisfied with the quietude of their present state, well enough;—but if their spirits fret against the limitations set to their powers by the narrowness of their means; if visions of successful contests with foreign composers in the grander, if not higher, paths of fame at any time disturb their minds and waken bolder aspirations, let them be assured that their means and strength must be derived from the assistance of those who are able, and we are confident would not be found unwilling, to extend a share of that patronage which so amply keeps honour upon the *dead*, and rewards the exertions of the living, in those places where both learning and taste are most ably displayed and illustrated, but into which British talent, rich in both qualities, as yet finds such difficulty of admission.

PERGOLESI'S STABAT MATER.

THIS beautiful work, adapted to English words and Protestant use, under the title of *Calvary*, by the late T. F. BARHAM, formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge, was performed at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday in Passion week. Mr. BARHAM by his will provided for occasional performances of his skilful adaptation; and entrusted the conduct of them to Mr. J. A. NOVELLO, who in the present instance amply satisfied the demands of the duty imposed upon him. A small, but efficient choir and band of stringed instruments was collected, and the principal parts were ably sustained by Miss SABILLA NOVELLO, Mrs. SERLE (*née* Novello), the Misses TURNER (2), MATTHEWS, PARSONS, and R. DICKSON. Mr. ALFRED NOVELLO was the only male solo singer, and Mr. V. NOVELLO conducted the performance. The calm and holy quietude of this composition contrasts strongly with the *félicité* of that brilliant production of ROSSINI, which has lately awakened so genuine an interest on the subject of this hymn, no less than with the more elaborate compositions of HAYDN and later classical writers. Massiveness is no feature in PERGOLESI's conceptions: his melody is graceful and appropriate, and his harmony erudite; but grandeur is as little to be found in him as in CARLO DOLCI, whom in tenderness he closely resembles.

We should rejoice to find Mr. BARHAM's precedent adopted by amateurs. The higher branches of art need fostering by those who have the happy combination of taste and means. The popular song, the universal dance, may be left in safety to the protection of that multitude within whose uncultivated powers of apprehension they are framed to fall. But "the mob" never did and never will arrive at the appreciation of the higher principles of art, and cannot therefore be looked to for aid in the production of works which call into operation its inmost resources. We speak this out of no disrespect for the catholic judgment of the multitude; but as a truth, the knowledge of which should stimulate the efforts of the more cultivated to protect the past from the ravages of innovation, and inspire faith and courage in those who, in search of the beautiful, the great, and the elevating, find, without such protection, no resting-place for their hopes.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.—Messrs. GARDNER and BAKER gave a second vocal entertainment at the Music Hall in Store-street, on the evening of Wednesday last. It consisted of a selection of music already popular, and the repetition of which is always *safe*, for it never wearies. But the performance was really very respectable, both of the vocalists proving themselves to possess capacities which only require cultivation to win for them future fame and fortune. Mr. BAKER's "Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?" was full of feeling, and told well upon the company; and Mr. GARDNER's "Mad Tom" displayed powers of voice and vocal skill which must, ere long, command a larger field for their exercise than they have yet enjoyed.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—**ST. PETERSBURGH.**—It is stated that an offer has been made of 30,000 roubles to Donizetti to bring out a new opera, and personally superintend its production. Spohr's *Crucifixion* was recently performed with great effect. The gloom arising from the grand duchess's death still hangs over the Court. Sacred music has this winter been most in vogue. Naples.—Mercadante's new opera semi-buffa has had great success. Milan.—Verdi's *Giovanna d'Arco* has produced much sensation.—*Musical World.*

New Publications.

Lord God Almighty! Composed originally to Latin words for Mr. DUPREZ, by the Chevalier SIGISMUND NEUKOMM. London. Surman.

HEARTILY do we welcome once again the name of the Chevalier NEUKOMM. Spite of some eccentricities and a mannerism which a little care might cure, he possesses unquestionable genius, and we scarcely remember a composition of his without so much of originality as to place it far above the common herd of vocal music. NEUKOMM is no mere mimic; he is not content to echo the strains of the great masters; he throws himself fearlessly upon his own resources, and if now and then they fail to equal the occasion, even those failures are preferable to the mocking-bird music which forms the great bulk of the compositions that now-a-days deluge the shops and vex the ear. But when he is in the mood, when the inspiration is upon him, he does pour forth strains that equal the best of his contemporaries, and will live and be loved when many of those who now enjoy a wider fame shall have passed away and be forgotten.

The fine air before us is one of the finest of his works. Its simple grandeur breathes the very ecstasy of adoration. The swell of sound rises with the emotion, until it closes in almost passionate prayer. It is a composition within the compass of an ordinary voice, within the capacity of most private singers, and therefore we can commend it as a valuable addition to the portfolio of sacred music which ought to be found in every family.

Yes, I have Loved Thee! Ballad, written and composed by GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN. London. Leader and Cock.

We have had occasion to notice many of Mr. ALLMAN's compositions, and always in the language of encouragement; not so much for their performance as for their promise. We are glad to find him steadily improving. As he gains confidence, he throws himself more entirely upon his own resources; he ventures to give expression to ideas of his own, without first asking if they are like this man or that man who has gone before him. The effect of this self-reliance is to bring out some defects, but still more excellencies, and to prove that Mr. ALLMAN has capacities for becoming a distinguished composer, provided only that he continue to cultivate them assiduously, and to shun that bane of all greatness, imitation. The ballad upon our table is not very striking at the first hearing, but it improves with acquaintance, and this is one test of intrinsic merit. It expresses well the emotions embodied in the words, and that is the chief quality required in ballad music.

"Be Happy while ye may." New Song, written by H. W. GODFREY; Music composed by F. NICHOLLS CROUCH, author of "*Kathleen Mavourneen*," &c. Tregear and Co.

MR. CROUCH's compositions have this attraction—they are practical. The composer has tried and proved them in his own person; they have been fitted to the capacities of the human voice by one who knows how it may be employed so as to give pleasure instead of pain to the listener. Mr. CROUCH is a magnificent singer, and he composes songs suited to the style of his voice. But that style is by no means a rare one; it may be attained by study, and then nothing will be needed but the feeling that inspires words and the tones with *soul* to convert music into a language—a power pre-eminently enjoyed by Mr. CROUCH, which he exhibits in his compositions, which they demand of the singer, and wanting which they lose half their charm.

"Be happy while ye may" is the latest and one of the best of Mr. CROUCH's compositions, and we doubt not will become as popular as its predecessors, "*Kathleen Mavour-*

neen," and "*Dermot Astore*." It is a rich, melodious strain, full of feeling, as if the heart was upon the lips; and so sung, it cannot fail to be greeted with cordial applause wherever it is heard, whether in the public concert or in the private circle.

ART.

THE opening of the Suffolk-street Gallery is the chief event of interest since our last. The exhibition is in more respects than one superior to that of last year. In the department of landscape especially it is unusually strong; it contains also a few clearly painted, clever portraits, and some figure pieces of merit. In our next we shall give a detailed criticism—which our leisure has not permitted for this number.

New Engravings.

The Castle of Ischia. Painted by C. STANFIELD, R.A.
Engraved by C. GOODALL.

THIS magnificent engraving is the gift of the *Art Union* to its subscribers for the year 1844, and it is certainly by far the best of the works yet issued by that society. The original picture is doubtless full in the memory of most of our readers; its bright, clear atmosphere, its transparent waves, its solid rock standing out, fortress-crowned, against the veritable sky. The engraver has caught the spirit of the artist. Although much of the charm of STANFIELD's pictures lies in their colouring, so that they not unfrequently disappoint in the engraving the promise of the original, the *Castle of Ischia* will, we think, be found a happy exception. So skilfully has the engraver managed his shades, that he has given to parts of the picture almost the effect of colour. There is nothing so difficult to depict by the graver as water, and it would be impossible by any art to suggest to the spectator's eye the same transparency of waves. Mr. GOODALL has here made some ingenious attempts to overcome the difficulty, by a peculiar turn of his lines, but he has not succeeded in curing a defect which is inseparable from the nature of his art. We must still be content to have Old Ocean rather suggested than exhibited in engravings. But the *Castle* perched upon the rock is the very perfection of pictorial art; its substantial walls appear more real even than in the picture, where they had rather too much of a dream-like aspect. The bridge and the figures in the foreground give animation and character to the scene; they invest with a human interest this grand spot, over which the artist has shed the hues of his genius, and the charms of which, instead of being hidden in the mansion of one fortunate owner, are thus, thanks to Mr. Goodall and the *Art Union*, spread over the land, and the enjoyment of their possession given to thousands, whose eyes it will delight, whose tastes it will help to cultivate, whose minds it will refresh continually.

GOSSIP ON ART.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—On Thursday, the 20th ultimo, the annual general meeting of the subscribers to the above fund was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, B. B. Cabbell, Esq., one of the vice presidents, in the chair; and among those present were R. H. Selby, Esq., J. J. Willmer, Esq., C. Dorrington, Esq., C. W. Dilke, Esq., &c. From the report, which was read and adopted, it appeared that the society was still honoured with the gracious patronage of her Majesty, and that his Royal Highness Prince Albert had recently contributed 50 guineas. There were 34 widows on the fund, each receiving 20*l.* yearly; and 27 orphans, each 5*l.* yearly. The income for the past year, including a previous balance of 109*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.*, comprising subscriptions, donations, dividends, &c., amounted to 1,472*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.*, from which, after defraying the necessary expenses, there remained a balance of 90*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.*; and 200*l.* had been added to the funded stock, which was now 19,500*l.* Three per Cent. Reduced. The president of the past year, Sir J. E. Swinburne, Bart.; the vice presidents of the past year, the Duke of Sutherland, the Earl of Ripon, Lord Wharnclyffe, Sir R. Peel, Bart., M.P., B. B. Cabbell, Esq., and R. H. Selby, Esq., were re-elected, as were also the council committee, and other officers, and, after a vote of thanks to the chairman, the meeting broke up. The French tribunals have been occupied with a trial, rendered interesting by the great names which its proceedings brought into question. So far back as the year 1809, M. Genêt, an auc-

tioness deposited a picture by Greuze, the *Sainte Marie Egyptienne*, with the Marquise de Villette, the niece of Voltaire, taking a receipt for the same. In 1813, M. Genêt retired wholly from Paris; and in 1814, M. Lami, to whom the picture had formerly belonged, obtained permission from the Marquise de Villette to exhibit it at the Museum, as he had formerly done when it belonged to himself. The picture was given up to M. Lami, without any application for M. Genêt's consent; and from that year it was entirely lost to Art, until the year 1832,—when it suddenly re-appeared at a sale of M. Lami's effects under a judgment obtained by his creditors: and now, Madame Poquet, the residuary legatee under M. Genêt's will, demands from the Marquise de Villette the return of the deposit, or a sum of 7,000 francs as its value. The demand has been resisted on the grounds of the length of time elapsed since the deposit, and of the deaths of parties who could have helped the Marquise to a defence; but the Court decided (very justly, we think) for the legatee—ordering the restitution of the picture within a month, or, in default, the payment of the price demanded.

The competition of artists, for the execution of the monument to be erected in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of the late Lord Holland, has been determined by the selection of Mr. Bailey, the Academician. The sum paid for the work is to be 5,000*l.* and the sketch chosen, which we have seen, is a mausoleum, with a statue of the deceased lord above, and figures of Genius, Literature, and Science, mourning on its steps.—At Rome, the long proposed monument to Tasso,—for which a subscription was commenced many years ago, under the auspices of the Government, but which had been delayed by obstacles connected with the privileges of certain convents over the place of the poet's sepulture,—has been at length committed to the skill of the sculptor Fabris, and will, ere long, replace the simple flag, which covers the bard's remains, with its simple legend, *Tassi Torquati Ossa*.—In France, a monument is to be erected at Epinal, to the memory of Claude Lorraine; and at Amiens the subscription set on foot by the Antiquarian Society of Picardy, for a bronze statue of the celebrated Ducange, is making rapid progress.—Tidings have been received in the same capital, of M. de Castelnau, who after a wandering of more than eight hundred leagues in the desert, since he quitted Rio de Janeiro, was preparing at their date to leave Goyaz, for Quayba and the Lake of Xarayes, on the frontiers of Brazil and Peru.—*Athenæum*.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The situation of keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum, vacant by the decease of Mr. Josi, has just been filled by the appointment of Mr. W. H. Carpenter. This gentleman is the husband of Mrs. Carpenter, the distinguished artist, and is very well known to the world of art by the admirable work on Vandyck, and the etchings which he recently published.—*Globe*.

THE CASTLE OF ISCHIA.—The engraving just published by the Art Union of London, for presentation to its subscribers of 1844, is taken from Mr. Stanfield's picture under the above title, which was exhibited lately at the Royal Academy of Arts. The painting, on its presentation to the public, was thought, and justly thought, to display some of the finest qualities of the pencil of the esteemed artist whose name it bears. The splendour of its general effect, as well as the attention to details, which was shown in the execution of this painting, and, above all, the freshness and vigour of its pencilling, stamped it at once as one of the finest specimens of landscape portraiture which the British school of art has latterly produced. In the engraving, which we have just had an opportunity of inspecting, all the best points of the original painting are exceedingly well preserved; and whether we direct attention to the beautiful relief of the romantic castle from which the picture takes its name, the lowering sky, indicative of the approaching tempest, the tumult of the waves as they leap over the pier, or the spirit with which the various figures are touched, we are equally obliged to confess the ability of the engraver, Mr. Goodall, to whose talents the task of executing the plate has been intrusted. In recalling to recollection the different engravings this institution has presented to its subscribers, we think it will be generally admitted that the present specimen yields to none of its predecessors in excellence, and that it exceeds in many points most that have preceded it.

NECROLOGY.

MR. ALEXANDER BLACKWOOD.

We deeply regret to state that Mr. Alexander Blackwood died lately, at his house in Great Stuart-street. This event will be learned with sincere sorrow by a numerous circle of truly attached friends, to whom the deceased was endeared by the manly sincerity, the warm cordiality, and genuine worth of his character. Much might be properly said of the excellent qualities and talents of Mr. Blackwood; but we shall now simply observe that, as a

member of the eminent house of William Blackwood and Sons, in which capacity he was known to the public, he uniformly maintained the high position acquired by the habitual sagacity, enterprise, and integrity of his late distinguished father. We had hoped that a long career of usefulness and honour lay open to him in conjunction with those who, alas! can now only deplore the great loss they have sustained in his early removal from amongst us.—*Edinburgh Evening Post*.

ROBERT SMITH, ESQ.

It has very recently fallen to our lot to attempt some commemoration of the life, character, and genius of the late Rev. Sydney Smith. We little apprehended at the time that we should so soon afterwards be called upon to record the death of his brother, elder by one year, Robert Smith, esq. which took place on the day fortnight after the other. These two most remarkable men had always entertained a strong degree of reciprocal attachment and admiration for each other; but the life of the elder had, especially of late years, been so comparatively withdrawn from the more prominent scenes of business and society, that we have little doubt that we shall surprise the larger proportion of our readers by affirming that, while the younger justly attracted an ampler share of the public notice by the more active part he bore in questions and measures affecting the public welfare, and while in a species of inspiration which he imparted to mirth and wit, though by no means his most valuable characteristic, he among the men of his own, and perhaps of any time, may with truth be pronounced inimitable; at the same time, we believe that the most discerning of the contemporaries who were happy enough to enjoy the friendship of both—we are sure that the lamented Sydney himself—would in extent of acquirement, in original force of thought, in mastery of mind, have given the palm to Robert, or to call him by the name he inherited from the happy familiarity of early days, Bobus Smith.

We cannot pretend to give a full or accurate account of his life. He was born in 1770. At Eton he was the intimate associate of Canning, Frere, and Lord Holland, and a contributor to the *Microcosm*. At Cambridge he materially added to the reputation for scholarship and classical composition which he had established at school; and if the most fastidious critic of our day would diligently peruse the three Triposes which he composed in Lucretian rhythm, on the three systems of Plato, Descartes, and Newton, we believe that we should not run the least risk of incurring the charge of exaggeration, in declaring our belief that these compositions in Latin verse have not been excelled since Latin was a living language. Be this said with the peace of Milton and Cowley—with the peace of his fellow Etonians, Grey and Lord Well-sley.

We are not aware that we can refer to any subsequent composition by Mr. Smith which could be put on a level with these youthful effusions. We should, indeed, imagine that no person with his powers of intellect had ever published so little. Nor were his achievements in active public life, from the same fastidious aversion to display, though by no means wanting in usefulness, at all commensurate with the ideas conceived of him by every one that approached him. He was nine years in Bengal as Advocate General, and one short extract from Sir James Macintosh's Diary may show the value entertained for him there:—"I hear frequently of Bobus. His fame among the natives is greater than that of any pundit since the days of Menu;" and again, "I hear from Bobus; always merry and always kind. Long live Bobus!"

We believe his acquaintances were disposed to form brilliant auguries of what he was likely to effect as a speaker in Parliament. His first essay, in 1812, is supposed not to have come up at least to the mark of his own fastidious judgment, and he seldom afterwards addressed the House at any length, or upon subjects which excited the contests and passions of parties. He rendered, however, really eminent services as a most diligent and pains-taking member of committees, which might have put many an idle mediocrity to the blush. He finally retired from Parliament in 1826. He spent the remainder of his life in comparative retirement, in the serene enjoyment of the various literature he loved, and the cheerful intercourse of the restricted society that delighted him. Nothing can be imagined more rich and racy in its variety of material, and in its force of reflection, than his conversation. "Pourquoi ne parlez-vous comme ça dans la Chambre des Communes?" said Madame de Staël to him one day, after listening for some time to its eloquent flow; though there was in it nothing of the hurangur, in its manly ease and simplicity it partook of his character; there was much in him of the sturdy Saxon combined with the refined and thoroughly finished scholar. No one was ever so clear of all frippery, and the only thing for which he probably felt no toleration was a prig. Of his conversation Mr. Canning said "Bobus's language is the essence of English."

In his inner domestic life he was full of gentle and attaching qualities. He married Caroline Vernon, daughter of Richard

Vernon, esq. and Evelyn, Countess of Upper Ossory. He lost a son and a daughter in their prime of youth, each of most rare promise. His eldest son, and only surviving child, is the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M.P. for Northampton.

We pause for an instant longer over the graves of the two brothers; the void they have left among the men of their time will never be supplied, and we feel that the literal truth almost conveys an idea of homeliness to the exquisite beauty of the words in Holy Writ—"They were pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

The following beautiful Latin inscription is from the pen of Dr. Parr, with a presentation copy of a book:—

ROBERTO SMITH, A.M.

Coll. Regali in Academia Cantabrigiensi
Quondam Socio

Juris consulto de plurimis
tum civibus Britannicis
tum Asiæ incolis, B.M.

Viro

Ob multam et exquisitam ejus doctrinam

Ob insitam vim ingenii

Ob sententias in versibus Latine

Scriptis uberes et argutas

Sine ciacinnis, fucque puerili

Ob genus orationis in agendis causis

Non captiosum et veteritorium

Sed forte virile vehemens

Et qua res postulaverit

Magnificum etiam atq. splendidum

Ob gravitatem sermonis familiaris

Lepore et facetiis

Jucundissime conditam

Ob fidem humanitatemq.

In vita instituenda

Et in maximis negotiis procurandis

Altitudinem animi Singularem

Suis carissimam

Hunc librum D.D. Samuel Parr.

Morning Chronicle.

A MEMOIR OF MRS. HOFLAND

has been written very agreeably by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and published in the last number of the *Art-Union*. We transfer a portion of it to our columns.

I think it must be nearly twenty years since I first saw Mrs. Hofland. I had longed most earnestly to meet her. The 'Son of a Genius,' a story not only of European but of universal popularity, had been one of my first "story books;" and I could not prevent tears gushing from my eyes when she took me affectionately by the hand, and said she was sure we should be good friends. We walked together the same morning to a private view of the Society of British Artists, and she showed me, with wife-like pride, a view from Richmond hill painted by her husband. One of his very best pictures it certainly was; and well did she know every glade, and avenue, and tree depicted therein. She spoke so eloquently of the beauty and richness of English landscape scenery, and more especially of the loveliness and sunniness of the banks of the Thames, that I forgot the fealty I owed to my native mountains, and thought only of the great English river. At that time Mr. and Mrs. Hofland lived in Newman-street, and her kind augury was amply fulfilled. We became friends; and I only wish that every woman had such a friend, and such an example as she was to me and to all around her. In her manners she was perfectly natural, and altogether free from the plague-spot that marks so many literary women—affectedness. Her accent still flavoured of Yorkshire; but her plainness of countenance was polished by the purest and gentlest benevolence. A ready wit and a keen perception of the ridiculous prompted her sometimes to say what, though true, would have been called severe if uttered by any one else, yet her natural dislike to occasion pain, healed before the reproved was conscious of a wound. My knowledge of Mrs. Hofland in the domestic relations of life was such as rendered me altogether forgetful of her literary fame. Some there are who find it difficult to live up to their own printed standard of excellence; but she in her own life was an example of patience, forbearance, and devotedness, which if literally recorded would scarcely be believed. Her unselfishness was such as to deserve the term spiritual; and this extended beyond her home. Her friends saw it exercised daily towards themselves; and at one time, when in her literary capacity she had the power of thwarting those whom a less generous mind might have considered rivals in the race of fame, her pen was ever first and freest in supporting the feeble, and bringing forward obscure merit. This, perhaps, a less honest critic would have done; but Mrs. Hofland did more. She paid an eager tribute to, and aided to augment the reputation of those whose fame was eclipsing her own—the true test of a noble mind! I once heard this

observed to her; and what was her reply? "Ay, maybe so; I have had my day; and my sun will set all the happier, from a knowledge that a brighter and a better will rise on the morrow." Then she was so fond of young people, so happy when her husband's health or inclination permitted her to have the innocent enjoyment of surrounding her table with cheerful faces. Everybody told her every thing, secure of her aid and her sympathy—the warm, generous, earnest sympathy that listened and advised. It is ill to write unkindly of the dead; and he whose hardness caused her virtues to shine so brightly, honoured her in his heart; though a long series of years of suffering from internal disease rendered him, despite his talent and his knowledge, so great a penance to so rare a wife. She was so proud of that talent—so eager to prove his excellence—so anxious, even while the flush of outraged feeling was burning on her cheek, to exhibit the bright side of his character to her most intimate friends—so prone to descant upon an artist's trials and an artist's vexations—so wishful to set herself aside, that his value only might appear in a strong light—so perpetually bringing into active work the charity that beareth all things, endureth all things, hopeth all things—that to learn the most exalted duties of woman's life is but to call to remembrance the practice of Barbara Hofland.

Had it not been for her high religious principles, and her buoyant and cheerful nature, Mrs. Hofland might be said to have passed a life of mingled labour and endurance. She chiefly wrote at night. I do not remember finding her more than once at her desk in the morning; and her household affairs were well ordered. It strikes me as a great advantage to a woman not to commence a literary career until her mind is thoroughly established as to her duties; and in this Mrs. Hofland, or at all events her family and friends, were fortunate. She was the daughter of Mr. Robert Weeks, a partner in an extensive manufactory at Sheffield, and was born in 1770. Her father died when she was very young, her mother soon after married again, and therefore she was taken and brought up by an aunt, who had a great opinion of her cleverness, &c. She married, at the age of twenty-six, Mr. T. Bradshaw Hoole, a very worthy young man, connected with a mercantile house in Sheffield. She always spoke of this portion of her life as the happiest. It lasted not long, however; for Mr. Hoole and her eldest child died in little more than two years after their marriage. She was left with an infant son four months old; and the little property that belonged to her was lost by the bankruptcy of a trustee. These misfortunes determined her to publish a volume of poems she had composed from time to time as an amusement; and it was eagerly subscribed for by the people of Sheffield. Two thousand copies were engaged, and the list of subscribers occupied upwards of forty pages. It appeared in 1805. With the proceeds she established a school at Harrogate, and continued to write and publish other small works from time to time. Eleven years after the death of her first husband she married Mr. T. C. Hofland, and removed to London the following year, viz. at the end of 1811. In 1812 she wrote five works, amongst which was the 'Son of a Genius,' and continued writing more or less every succeeding year.

Her son by Mr. Hoole was brought up for the church, became curate of St. Andrew's, Holborn, but died in March, 1833. He was a most exemplary character, and his death was ascribed principally to his great exertions in his sacred office. His attentions to his mother were most affectionate, and all her patient resignation was needed to reconcile her to this sad bereavement. She never mentioned him without tears. Mrs. Hofland in her lifetime wrote about seventy different works, of unequal merit in a literary point of view, but of high moral feeling (besides contributions to magazines and periodicals), the gross sale of which, estimated from returns from the publishers, has been about 300,000 copies; this amount of course not including the translations (several of her books were translated into German or French), nor those sold in America, where her writings were very popular.

Mr. Hofland died at Leamington on the 3rd of January, 1843, and his widow returned to Richmond soon after; and in the following summer visited Paris, her last little work just published, 'Emily's Reward, or a Trip to Paris,' being the result.

She died at Richmond on the 9th of November, 1844, of inflammation of the membrane of the brain, brought on, it is supposed, by a fall she had about a fortnight before.

For many years of her life she possessed the friendship of James Montgomery, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Mitford, and many other eminent literary characters; among others, Sir John Soane, for whom she wrote a work descriptive of his museum.

Mr. Hofland painted pictures and engaged engravers for the Duke of Marlborough's description of White Knights. Mrs. Hofland wrote the letter-press, and composed a poem for the same work. The poem was a very clever and happy attempt at the Spenserian style. These labours were never paid for; and for many years Mr. and Mrs. Hofland had to work up-hill to disencumber themselves of what were, in fact, the duke's honest debts.

She was, as a writer of a celebrated letter that appeared during

the quarrels of George IV. and Queen Caroline, entitled 'A Letter from an Englishwoman,' which I have been told suggested the still more celebrated 'Letter from a Sovereign to his People.'—*Ibid.*

CRITIC OF INVENTIONS, ETC.

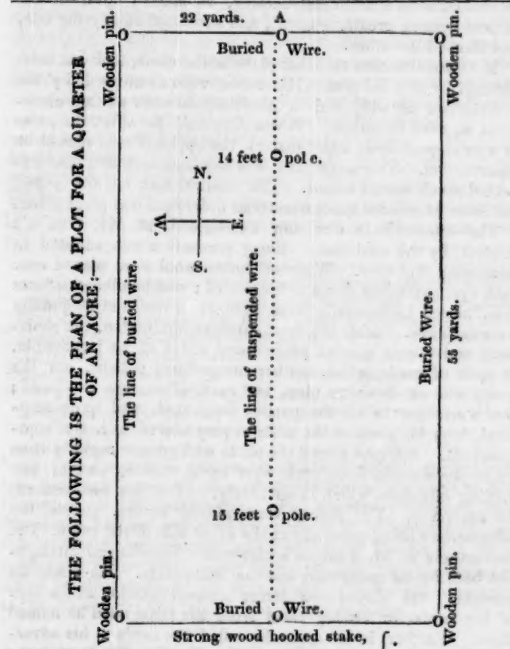
[Ingenious inventors of articles of use or ornament are as deserving of critical notice as is an ingenious author, and a knowledge of the true merits of inventions is equally interesting to the public. We purpose to supply an existing defect in critical journalism by devoting a division of THE CRITIC to a fair description of, and honest judgment upon, any article seeking public patronage that may be submitted for notice.]

GEOLOGICAL AND POLYTECHNIC SOCIETY OF THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

(From the *Doncaster Gazette*.)

A most interesting and numerous meeting of this society took place on the 13th inst., at Halifax. Most of the *sacans* from Leeds, Bradford, Chesterfield, and Halifax were present. John Waterhouse, Esq. F.R.S. presided.

Henry Briggs, esq. stated, at the Rev. W. Thorp's request, the result of the free electricity of the atmosphere to the cultivation of corn. Dr. Forster, of Findrassie House, near Elgin, had threshed, weighed, and measured his electro-cultured chevalier barley, and the product was the enormous quantity of 104 bushels, or thirteen quarters per acre! The tail corn was not measured, and each bushel weighed 54½ lbs. The weight of the straw was 9,300 lbs. per acre. The cost of the electric apparatus is 11. per acre, which will last for 20 years.



COST.	
6lb. of iron wire at 4d. per lb. for buried wire	2 0
4lb. of ditto at 3d. per lb. for suspended wire	1 0
2 poles of dry wood at 6d. each	1 0
Labour, &c.	1 0
	5 0

As the area increases the cost diminishes rapidly.

Convenient and desirable areas are for—

Two acres, 127 by 75 yards	1/2 of an acre, 73½ by 33 yards
One acre, 80 by 55	1/4 of ditto, 55 by 22
3/4 of an acre, 82½ by 44	1/8 of ditto, 36 by 16½

The mode in which the plot is laid out is as follows:—With a mariner's compass and measured lengths of common string, lay out the places for the wooden pins, to which the buried wire is attached by passing through a small staple. Care must be taken to lay the length of the buried wire due north and south by compass, and the breadth due east and west. This wire must be placed from two to three inches deep in the soil. The lines of the buried wire are then completed. The suspended wire must be attached and in contact with the buried wires at both of its ends. A wooden pin with a staple must therefore be driven in at A, and the two poles (one 14 feet and the other 15 feet) being placed by the compass due north and south, the wire is placed over them,

and fastened to the wooden stake, but touching likewise at this point the buried wire. The suspended wire must not be drawn too tight, otherwise the wind will break it.

The Rev. W. Thorp remarked that the application of the electricity of the atmosphere upon a large scale for the purpose of agriculture is a discovery which, if successful (and there is every theoretical reason that it should be so), will exercise a most important influence upon its interests. Dr. Forster here has obtained more than three times the average amount of both barley and straw (4 to 5 quarters being the average, while he has 13 quarters, and about 3,000 lbs. of straw, while he has 9,300 lbs.) The condition of the air in regard to electricity has evidently a most striking influence on the rapidity of the growth of plants, most of which increase in the most extraordinary manner during thundery weather. Nitric acid, a most important element in the food of plants, is formed in the atmosphere during thunder storms; and at these periods free electricity in considerable quantity can be drawn from the air by flying kites with wire strings. There is also a general electric current over the earth's surface from east to west, and both the terrestrial and aerial currents are here collected by the suspended and buried wires, and is again abstracted by the moist earth and the roots, which when wet become conductors of electricity. The application of electricity to field culture is quite in its infancy, and probably many improvements will be discovered; whether one or more suspended wires should be added, or galvanic troughs placed in the field to supply additional electric fluid, are yet subjects to be determined. It is unnecessary to add, that the electric fluid acts as a stimulant, and therefore the usual quantity of manures must be applied. Under the direction of Mr. Gordon, the president of the Tring Agricultural Association, many of its members are trying the experiment. Mr. Mechl, at Tip Tree Hall, is trying 50 acres; Mr. Briggs, at Overton, near Wakefield; Capt. Newton, of Womerley Grove, are likewise about to try it upon their barley crops.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

Doctor Ryan, at the conclusion of his lectures on Mechanical Power, has taken the opportunity to notice an invention for alleviation of human suffering, of which an account appeared in a morning journal as having been lately exhibited in Paris. By means of it, a man who had been deprived of both his arms was enabled by the aid of artificial limbs, provided with springs, &c. attached to the remaining stumps, to perform a variety of offices. The French invention is indeed very ingenious, but that to which the learned doctor adverted is equally worthy of public approbation. Dr. RYAN introduced a man who had lost his arm just below the elbow; to the stump was affixed an apparatus consisting of springs and bands terminating in an artificial hand, by which the patient was enabled to lay hold of any thing and convey it to his mouth, to tie and untie shoes, and to do many other things for which the human hand is used. This very clever contrivance is the invention of Sir George Cayley, Bart., Chairman to the Royal Polytechnic Institution, who is well known for his practical knowledge of mechanism and active philanthropy. This invention deserves to be universally known, as it will ultimately be of great benefit to numbers of our countrymen in those hosts of dangers and honour the navy and army. The contrivance is simple in its construction, the weight also trifling, and it is not liable to get out of order, which is too much the case with many inventions that are so very elaborate and complicated. Doctor Ryan deserves the thanks of those who are interested in mechanical science for giving the public an opportunity of judging the merits of a work, which may be considered the nearest approach of mechanism to the motions of nerves and muscles.

MODE OF COLOURING DAGUERRETYPE PICTURES. (By C. G. Page, Prof. Chem. Columbia College, U. S.)—In the month of December, 1842, I instituted a course of experiments to determine the effects of oxidation upon the surface of Daguerreotype pictures, and arrived at some beautiful results in fixing, strengthening, and colouring these impressions. Numerous and arduous duties of a public nature have prevented me from investigating the subject as I wished; and I therefore present the facts for others to adopt as the basis of what promises to be a most interesting course of study and experiment. First, a mode of fixing and strengthening pictures by oxidation:—The impression being obtained upon a highly polished plate, and made to receive, by galvanic agency, a very slight deposit of copper from the cupreous cyanide of potassium (the deposit of copper being just enough to change the colour of the plate in the slightest degree), is washed very carefully with distilled water, and then heated, over a spirit-lamp, until the light part assumes a pearly transparent appearance. The whitening and cleaning up of the picture by this process is far more beautiful than by the ordinary method of fixation by a deposit of gold. A small portrait fixed

in this way, more than a year since, remains unchanged. As copper assumes various colours, according to the depth of oxidation upon its surface, it follows that if a thicker coating than the first mentioned can be put upon the plate without impairing the impression, various colours may be obtained during the fixation. It is impossible for me to give any definite rules concerning this last process; but I will state, in a general way, that my best results were obtained by giving the plate such a coating of copper as to change the tone of the picture; that is, give it a coppery colour, and then heating it over a spirit lamp until it assumes the colour desired. I have now an exposed picture treated in this way at the same time with the two above mentioned, and it remains unchanged. It is of a beautiful green colour, and the impression has not suffered in the least by the oxidation. For pure landscapes it has a pleasing effect; and by adopting some of the recent inventions for stopping out the deposit of copper, the green colour may be had wherever desired. In some pictures a curious variety of colours is obtained, owing to the varying thickness of the deposit of copper, which is governed by the thickness of the deposit of mercury forming the picture. In one instance a clear and beautiful ruby colour was produced, limited in a well-defined manner to the drapery, while all other parts were green. To succeed well in the first process, viz., that for fixation and the production of the pearly appearance, the impression should be carried as far as possible without solarization, the solution of hyposulphate of soda should be pure and free from the traces of sulphur, the plate should be carefully washed with distilled water, both before and after it receives the deposit of copper,—in fact, the whole experiment should be neatly performed, to prevent what the French significantly call *taches* upon the plate, when the copper comes to be oxidized.—*Silliman's Journal*.

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A gentleman having been voted to the chair, certain precautions in the conduct of the experiments were adopted. It was determined that all questions and suggestions that might be proposed to test the clairvoyante should be made in writing and conveyed to the chairman, who alone was to communicate with the somnambule. A gentleman also was deputed to make notes of the proceedings, who, with the chairman, was selected from the presumption that, if biased at all, it was rather against than in favour of Mesmerism.

Miss ——— was then introduced, and seated in a chair. She was quickly mesmerized by Mr. Vernon, who stated that by a few passes from the ears outwards he could deprive her of the sense of hearing, and would restore it at a silent signal to be agreed upon. He made the passes, and affirmed that she was utterly deaf. It was arranged that at a silent signal her hearing should be restored. Several questions were then put by the chairman, which appeared not to be heard. Mr. Vernon made the passes, and stated her hearing to be restored. The sign agreed upon was then given, and the question put, "When did you last read the history of England?" Turning instantly to the questioner, she answered "A very long time ago." The experiment was repeated, the signal being given behind the back of the patient, for greater pre-

caution; the question being "Who was the first king of the French?" she answered "I don't know, I'm sure."

The patient now stood up, and the magnetizer stated he would attract or repel her in any direction which the chairman should appoint in writing. It was here suggested that an instruction should be given *aloud* different from the written one to be conveyed to the Mesmeriser. This was objected to, on the ground that it would not be a fair test, because the patient might possibly be influenced thereby to frustrate the intentions of the magnetizer. Of this opinion was the majority of the society, and the proposal was withdrawn. The directions were then given to the magnetiser on paper; he made the necessary motions, and the patient obeyed them exactly.

The somnambule was then catalepted, her arms extended, and she sustained a chair on her wrist. A gentleman present tried, and did the same thing. Her hands were then catalepted to the head, and she was raised thereby from the ground; this also was tried upon the same gentleman with success.

Phrenological experiments were next tried, and the manifestations were produced both with and without contact. Two instances only can we afford room for. The organ of *tune* being excited, the patient sang "Softly Smiling;" and *veneration* being stimulated, she suddenly changed from secular to sacred music, and chanted "O come let us worship!" Having taken hold of two gentlemen by the hand, *adhesiveness* was excited on the right, and *combativeness* on the left side, in obedience to written instructions, as usual; upon this the patient became greatly excited, and shook off rudely the one, and clasped the other.

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The somnambule was now blindfolded, at Mr. Vernon's request, by the chairman. Every precaution was adopted in bandaging the eyes. Wads of cotton wool were placed over each eye, extending down to the nostril; one handkerchief was then placed horizontally over both eyes, and one diagonally over each eye. After the most careful examination, the chairman and others present pronounced vision to be impossible. A pack of cards, which neither magnetiser, patient, nor the party who sat down to play, had seen before, was produced; and a stranger to all the parties interested, and quite sceptical, took his place at the table to play *ecarté* with the somnambule. Adolphe sorted the cards with greater rapidity than most players who have their eyes open, making one or two trifling mistakes, which immediately, and of his own accord, he corrected. The parties then played several games, the Mesmeriser being generally at the other side of the room. The correctness of M. Adolphe's play was acknowledged throughout both by his antagonist and the bystanders. He made no mistake. He played two games without looking at the face of his cards, or raising them from the table until he named them. Further, in one game he called the cards in his adversary's hand correctly before they were played. During the whole of these proceedings his antagonist and all present were narrowly scrutinizing his proceedings, but could detect nothing of a suspicious nature.

Several address cards were then given to him (not through the chairman); he read them instantly. One instance is curious. A card was handed to him by a person who had not read the address it bore, and was even ignorant whose it was. Adolphe said, "*Donnez moi votre main.*" The gentleman through whom the card had been given him, and who was still ignorant of the address, gave him his hand, and Adolphe immediately read the card correctly. This fact is interesting, since it negatives the hypothesis that the somnambule always reads the mind of the party *en rapport* with him.

A book, taken at hazard from the table, which proved to be *The Landscape Annual*, was opened before the clairvoyante, and he read a line of it promptly, and with apparent ease:—

The bandages were now removed, and a piece of paper folded eight times, in which was written, in a small round hand, the words "Believe what you see," was given to him by the same gentleman as had played at cards with him; and

it is proper to add that these words were written by the gentleman before he came into the house, and that no one present had been told, or had opportunity of ascertaining, what they were; and further, the gentleman, who had been staggered by the card-playing, stated that if *this* were read, he would be thoroughly convinced of the existence of *clairvoyance*, and offered to bet a friend with whom he had come twenty guineas to one that the feat would not be accomplished. M. Adolphe took considerable time for this undertaking, pressing the paper repeatedly to his stomach and nose. He first stated there were four words, and made separate dashes with a pencil on the paper before him to indicate the number, as given in the fac-simile subjoined. He added that the first word was the longest; and, after a little while, said the first letter was D. On being told he was wrong, he corrected himself, and wrote *Be*; he now stopped for a brief while, and then wrote continuously *liere*, and without being told he was correct, pronouncing the word as spelled *Beliere*, accentuating the second *e*. The next word he made out all but the first letter, which he stated he did not know. The letter was *W*, which, it must be recollected, is wanting to the French alphabet—hence the difficulty to the *clairvoyante*: the letters *hat* were written to his dictation by the gentleman who made notes of the proceeding. He now wrote, after a pause, and earnest endeavours to decipher the writing, the word *you*, and subsequently added the letter *S* above the last-named word.

The wonder here expressed, and the commotion attendant upon it among the gentlemen present was now so great, that the *clairvoyante*, who had so far succeeded, relinquished his task.

In order that our readers may have opportunity for the fullest information it is in our power to convey in this interesting experiment, we have been at the charge of procuring careful and faithfully executed *fac similes* of the words laid before the *somnambule*, and his writing, as far as he deciphered them. It may be well to add, that the words submitted to M. ADOLPHE are written in the original in *one line*; whereas, the width of our column not allowing their admission in direct order, we have been compelled to break them into two lines.

*Believe what
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Such were the words, written on ordinary writing-paper, and laid before M. ADOLPHE; and the following is a most exact transcript of his manuscript. The similarity between the letters *v* in *believe*, and *r*, as he rendered it, together with the fact that the *somnambulist* was ignorant of the English language, and consequently could derive no help from the cognate sound of the word with its etymology, is sufficient, or nearly so, to account for the error he made in this letter.

*Beliere
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After this, the meeting broke up, yet not before the pretty general and full interchange of opinion amongst those present that the experiments had been most cautiously and rationally conducted, and that the result was perfectly satisfactory.

THE ATHENÆUM AND MISS MARTINEAU.

THE *Athenæum* is cleverly contriving to make a good thing of its exhibition of Miss MARTINEAU. Having, in the first place, sold two or three editions of several numbers containing her plain and straightforward narrative of her experiences in Mesmerism, the subject was found too profitable to be thrown aside; so, the mine being exhausted in one direction, the lady having said her say, and nothing more being anticipated from a friendly correspondence, the ingenious device was resorted to of goading her to a reply by an attack more powerful than polite. Her answer came, of course, and yielded a harvest for another week.

But the thirst for gain is never satisfied. The *Athenæum* flagged again, and again Miss MARTINEAU was summoned to its relief by a document greedily accepted from Dr. FORBES, professing to impugn the case by her related of the girl JANE ARROWSMITH, who is said to have described a shipwreck before it was known in the town. With the personal squabble we have no concern; the fact only is interesting to us.

Our readers will remember that we ventured at the time to explain how JANE may have obtained her knowledge without resorting to any thing like the power implied; but we did not question that Miss MARTINEAU was right as to her facts. It seems, however, that there is at least considerable doubt whether she was not imposed upon by the people in the town, of whom she made inquiry, as to the time at which the news of the shipwreck was first known. One Dr. BROWN, on the part of Dr. FORBES, has closely examined JANE's relations, and they now say that the story of the wreck was told in her presence a short time before the *séance*. The statement is very explicit and positive, and unquestionably entitled to respect.

Miss MARTINEAU has published a reply, and we are bound in fairness to say that it is far from satisfactory. She merely repeats her confidence in JANE's veracity, and asserts that her relations told a very different tale at the moment from that which they had since told to Dr. BROWN; she insinuates that they had been tempted to contradict themselves, and thus she leaves a question which involves something more than the veracity of two old women of Tynemouth. Miss MARTINEAU has deliberately published a statement on her own authority, to which she pledges her character as a lady. That statement is impugned, not by a general denial, but by reference to names and dates, and authenticated by witnesses. Such a case cannot be met by general assertions of confidence in the veracity of any person. A fact is in dispute. That fact is capable of being proved. Miss MARTINEAU is, we think, bound to prove it, in justice to herself. As for Mesmerism, it matters little whether, in this particular, Miss MARTINEAU was imposed upon or not. Very probably she was so, and the worst that can be said is, that she was over hasty in accepting that as a fact which she had not used sufficient means to ascertain. The truth of Mesmerism does not depend on one case, or on fifty; but should it turn out that Miss MARTINEAU was misinformed in this particular, it should serve to impress the observers of Mesmerism with a stronger sense of the necessity for the most careful and anxious assurance of the facts of any case, before they venture to publish it.

STATISTICS OF MESMERISM.

We have pleasure in laying before our readers the following statistical table of the curative effects of Mesmerism, for which we are indebted to an intelligent and valued correspondent. The idea is an excellent one, and we hope to see it adopted by all who practise Mesmerism, whether for experiment simply or for medical purposes.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I send you the following statement for insertion in THE CRITIC, as I think it likely that some of the particulars relating to a number of afflicted persons whom I mesmerized, from Feb. 1st to the 29th (when I was called away into another part of England), may be interesting to many of your readers. I also hope that it may lead others who have time and the opportunity for seeing a number of cases, to take notes and publish as many particulars of them as possible.

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But the thirst for gain is never satisfied. The *Athenæum* flagged again, and again Miss MARTINEAU was summoned to its relief by a document greedily accepted from Dr. FORBES, professing to impugn the case by her related of the girl JANE ARROWSMITH, who is said to have described a shipwreck before it was known in the town. With the personal squabble we have no concern; the fact only is interesting to us.

Our readers will remember that we ventured at the time to explain how JANE may have obtained her knowledge without resorting to any thing like the power implied; but we did not question that Miss MARTINEAU was right as to her facts. It seems, however, that there is at least considerable doubt whether she was not imposed upon by the people in the town, of whom she made inquiry, as to the time at which the news of the shipwreck was first known. One Dr. BROWN, on the part of Dr. FORBES, has closely examined JANE's relations, and they now say that the story of the wreck was told in her presence a short time before the *séance*. The statement is very explicit and positive, and unquestionably entitled to respect.

Miss MARTINEAU has published a reply, and we are bound in fairness to say that it is far from satisfactory. She merely repeats her confidence in JANE's veracity, and asserts that her relations told a very different tale at the moment from that which they had since told to Dr. BROWN; she insinuates that they had been tempted to contradict themselves, and thus she leaves a question which involves something more than the veracity of two old women of Tynemouth. Miss MARTINEAU has deliberately published a statement on her own authority, to which she pledges her character as a lady. That statement is impugned, not by a general denial, but by reference to names and dates, and authenticated by witnesses. Such a case cannot be met by general assertions of confidence in the veracity of any person. A fact is in dispute. That fact is capable of being proved. Miss MARTINEAU is, we think, bound to prove it, in justice to herself. As for Mesmerism, it matters little whether, in this particular, Miss MARTINEAU was imposed upon or not. Very probably she was so, and the worst that can be said is, that she was over hasty in accepting that as a fact which she had not used sufficient means to ascertain. The truth of Mesmerism does not depend on one case, or on fifty; but should it turn out that Miss MARTINEAU was misinformed in this particular, it should serve to impress the observers of Mesmerism with a stronger sense of the necessity for the most careful and anxious assurance of the facts of any case, before they venture to publish it.

STATISTICS OF MESMERISM.

We have pleasure in laying before our readers the following statistical table of the curative effects of Mesmerism, for which we are indebted to an intelligent and valued correspondent. The idea is an excellent one, and we hope to see it adopted by all who practise Mesmerism, whether for experiment simply or for medical purposes.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I send you the following statement for insertion in THE CRITIC, as I think it likely that some of the particulars relating to a number of afflicted persons whom I mesmerized, from Feb. 1st to the 29th (when I was called away into another part of England), may be interesting to many of your readers. I also hope that it may lead others who have time and the opportunity for seeing a number of cases, to take notes and publish as many particulars of them as possible.

Having no pecuniary or other interest to serve (except the benefit of others), you may feel assured I have given no false colouring to any of the cases; and I have little doubt ere this that most of the parties are restored to health, as a friend of mine continued their mesmeric treatment.

Although I do not publish my name, you are at liberty to give it and my address to any afflicted persons, if you think I can remove their doubts of the curative effects of Mesmerism.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HUMANITAS.

SEX.	Age when ascertained.	DISORDER.	REMARKS.	How often Mesmerized.				RESULTS.
				Much affected.	Little affected.	Apparently not at all affected.	Previously Mesmerized.	
Female	22	St. Virus's dance.	Has been afflicted 9 years ..	1	1	1	3	Better.
Male	50	Nervous ..	Epileptic ..	1	1	1	3	No apparent benefit.
Female	72	Paralytic ..	Has been afflicted 15 years ..	1	1	1	3	Much better, and his speech greatly improved.
Male	72	Asthma ..	Has been afflicted upwards of 10 years ..	1	1	1	3	Said his breathing was easier.
Female	23	Spine complaint ..	Her ankle also painful and weak ..	1	1	1	3	Better.
Male	45	Bad knee ..	Blind in one eye, and the other very weak ..	1	1	1	3	Ditto.
Female	45	Deaf ..	Quite deaf in the right, and nearly do. in the left ear ..	1	1	1	3	Said he thought he saw clearer.
Male	45	Deaf ..	Also, pain in left side ..	1	1	1	3	No apparent benefit.
Female	45	Rheumatism	1	1	1	3	Rather better.
Male	45	Tumour ..	In her left side; has suffered greatly for 4 years ..	1	1	1	3	No apparent benefit.
Female	45	Bad leg ..	In great pain; general health bad ..	1	1	1	3	Ditto.
Male	45	Spine complaint ..	Afflicted 4 years; discharged from 4 hospitals as incurable ..	1	1	1	3	General health better.
Female	45	Rheumatism ..	Rheumatism in her left leg ..	1	1	1	3	Better.
Male	45	Bad side	1	1	1	3	No apparent benefit.
Female	45	Paralytic ..	Pain in back also ..	1	1	1	3	Ditto.
Male	45	Rheumatism ..	Had a paralytic stroke some months since ..	1	1	1	3	Much better.
Female	45	Pain in side ..	Rheumatism in her head and body ..	1	1	1	3	Better.
Male	45	Bad leg ..	Also in his chest; has been unable to work for 3 years ..	1	1	1	3	Much better, and stronger; appetite better.
Female	45	Eruption ..	Leg very much swelled, and inflamed ..	1	1	1	3	Ditto, and sleeps better.
Male	45	Pain in chest ..	Eruption on lip from a year old ..	1	1	1	3	No apparent benefit.
Female	45	Stiff knee ..	In much pain; could hardly walk at all ..	1	1	1	3	Her chest better.
Male	45	Deaf ..	Has been deaf for some years ..	1	1	1	3	Much better; walked 10 miles in one day.
Female	45	Stiff arm ..	Scrofulous; afflicted 6 years; very bad; many wounds ..	1	1	1	3	Much better.
Male	45	Weak eyes ..	Has not been able to raise it for 9 years ..	1	1	1	3	Much better, wounds healing, less pain.
Female	45	Rheumatism ..	Very bad; could not stand on his right leg, or put on a boot ..	1	1	1	3	Ditto, can now touch her forehead.
Male	45	Weak eyes ..	Has been afflicted 15 years ..	1	1	1	3	Ditto, can put on his boot, and walk.
Female	45	Rheumatism ..	Also, pain in her chest ..	1	1	1	3	Chest quite well, eyes better.
Male	45	Pain in chest ..	Very bad in his head ..	1	1	1	3	Better.
Female	45	Stiff arm ..	Also, pain in her left side ..	1	1	1	3	Rather better.
Male	45	Stiff arm ..	Could not raise her right hand higher than her shoulder ..	1	1	1	3	Much better; can raise her hand to her head.

KILKENNY.—CASE OF MARGARET STOLEEN.—In January last I attended Margaret Stoleen, daughter of a respectable artisan in Guard-lane, in this city; she was affected with inflammation of the lungs. Perceiving during the latter part of her illness a strong tendency to hysteria, I mesmerised her daily for a week; upon the first trial, she was five minutes before going into the comatose state, subsequently four, and latterly in half a minute. Her age is about two-and-twenty, dark eyes and hair, brown complexion, healthy countenance and intelligent expression; not educated, but reads a little; in her normal state she is high-spirited and inclined to mirth and gaiety, but subject also at times to violent depression of spirits. Having satisfied myself that she was *clairvoyante*, I introduced her before two medical friends of mine, Dr. Duncan of Kells, and Dr. Alcock of this town, the former a man of the highest medical character and dis-

tinguished for benevolent and liberal views; the latter a decided disbeliever in Mesmerism. Upon her eyes being bandaged by the latter gentleman, a book containing views of the principal buildings in Kilkenny and its vicinity was produced, and I found to my great surprise and entire satisfaction that she was able minutely to describe each engraving when seen by the person *en rapport* with her. She at once recognized the castle, the cathedral, the Dominican abbey, &c. though some of the prints, such as the mayor's office and the city assembly-rooms, she declared she could not see perfectly nor recognize. She was next asked by a person present, the governor of the city gaol, and who had never witnessed a mesmeric operation before, and who knew that my patient had never been inside the gaol, to describe his house (this was said purposely to mislead her). I give the questions and answers with the results exactly as I took them down

at the time. "Do you know me?" "I don't know your name." "Do you see me now?" "I do." "Describe me." "You are very fat." (Right.) "Will you come to my house?" "Yes." "Do you see it now?" "Yes I see the outside, but it is not a house, it is the gaol." "Were you ever inside?" "No." "Will you come in now?" "Yes, if you come with me." "What do you see before you?" "A long passage with iron gates." (Right.) "What do you see at each side?" "A door at each side near the entrance." "Go in with me to the right." "What do you see?" "The room is arched like a gateway." (Right.) "It has two iron beds." (Wrong.) "Are you sure there are two?" "Oh no, one is a table." (Right.) "What more do you see?" "Heaps of chains hanging about the walls, and locks and keys." (Right.) "Any thing besides?" "Other things made of iron, like pothooks." (Right, she meant the handcuffs, which are not unlike pothooks.)

Doctor Duncan now put himself *en rapport* with her for the purpose of testing her clairvoyant state. "Shall we go to my house at Kells?" "Yes." "Describe the outside of my house." "It is a very pretty cottage at the road-side, with wood palings in front." (Right.) "Shall we go in?" "Yes." "On which side of the passage is the door?" "On the left." "Now go in. Describe the room." "There is one round large window looking into the garden." (Right.) "A black marble chimney-piece with a great fire, and two big dogs lying at the fire." (The doctor has two large Irish wolf-dogs.) "What do you see over the mantel-piece?" "The picture of an officer." (Right.) (This is a portrait of the doctor's father.) "What do you see round the room?" "Large shelves full of books." "What do you see on the table at the side?" "There is a big glass thing like a bottle, with a great many brass things about it." (Right, this is an electrifying machine.) "What do you see under that table?" "Oh! a very queer-looking dog with a long bushy tail." "Are you sure it is a dog?" "I don't know, it is like one." (This is a stuffed otter.) Dr. Duncan considered these answers quite satisfactory. The following Greek sentence was then exhibited to the patient, Δόξος ἐν ψήφοις θεῶ; and upon being asked what it was, she said "I don't know, they are funny letters." Dr. Duncan having translated the sentence in his own mind, and willed that she should know the meaning, she immediately exclaimed "Glory to God in the Highest." This seemed greatly to astonish Dr. Alcock, who, however, still continued to think there must be some collusion practised.

In Margaret's case, the phrenological manifestations are particularly clear and decisive, never failing to produce the proper feeling—however, as no new feature was developed, it would be tedious to enumerate each individual experiment. Dr. Alcock himself touched benevolence, when Margaret exclaimed, "Ah! poor Betty Cody." This was a person who had formerly been an intimate friend of Margaret's, who had unfortunately been induced to swerve from the paths of virtue, and whose defection had made a deep impression on the patient's mind. Dr. Alcock confessed himself greatly staggered by this, he being aware of the latter fact.—(From our Correspondent, a Medical Man.)

EXTRACTION OF A TOOTH WITHOUT PAIN.—The *Times* of the 24th of March last contains the following well-attested case of the extraction of a tooth without pain during the mesmeric sleep. It bears date March 19, 1845.

We, the undersigned, members and visitors of the Mesmeric Society, witnessed the extraction of a tooth from the mouth of Anne Wakeland, by Mr. Purland, surgeon-dentist, 59, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, she being in a mesmeric trance produced by Mr. W. J. Vernon; and we hereby certify and believe that the patient did not exhibit or feel the slightest pain during or after the operation, of which, when awakened, she expressed her entire unconsciousness.

A. H. Forrester (Alfred Crowquill), 4, Portland-place North, Clapham-road.

W. J. Vernon, 27, Duke-street, Manchester-square.

M. Bomeuier, 21, Beaumont-street, Portland-place.

Henry Powell, 102, New Bond-street.

Edw. Stevens, Hermitage Lodge, North Fulham.

Emilia Hall, 27, Duke-street, Manchester-square.

A. Fourcault, 21, Beaumont-street, Portland-place.

Robert Rouse, 1, Wigmore-street.

Caroline Gould Panormo, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

George Williams, 13, Earl-street, Lisson-grove.

In the course of last week, the entire contents of the Adelaide Gallery were brought to the hammer, when the property, stated to have originally cost the company of proprietors an amount not much below 20,000*l.* was knocked down for the trifling sum of 490 guineas.

Mr. William Barrymore, the pantomime author and stage-manager, died at Boston, United States on the 16th ultimo.

THE CHANTING HAWK.—A few days since a gentleman shot, in the neighbourhood of Hasborough, a very curious bird, called the chanting hawk, or *Falco musicus dandin*. It is a native of Africa, and is very seldom seen in this country. Cuvier says it is the only bird of prey that sings agreeably. In size it equals the goshawk, its plumage is grey above, white, barred with brown on the lower part of the back and on the under parts of the body. It is preserved by Mr. Spinks, hair-dresser, North Walsham, where it may be seen.

WEEKLY CONCERTS FOR THE PEOPLE.—We are glad to learn that the committee of the Lancashire and Cheshire Philharmonic Institution have made arrangements for a series of weekly concerts, on a scale of magnitude never before attempted in Manchester. Their object is to give to the working classes especially an opportunity of enjoying the best music of the greatest masters, given by the *élite* of our resident professional vocalists and instrumentalists (and even occasionally with the aid of eminent *artistes* from a distance), free from the seductive and dangerous accompaniments with which the nascent and growing love of music in these classes must necessarily be attended in the music saloon of the public-house or the gin-shop. To this end, the committee have engaged the Free-trade Hall, and propose to give in that room a series of Saturday evening concerts. We understand that the Mayor of Manchester has consented to preside, and thus to give to the innocent amusements and enjoyments of the humblest classes of the community, over which he presides as chief magistrate, the high sanction and approval of his presence. —*Manchester Guardian*.

A large flock of Norway swans alighted, during a recent storm, in the farm yard of Low Barn Hall, near the city of Durham. Two of them were shot by the occupier of the farm, and the remainder took flight.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

We hasten to assure the Booksellers and Circulating Library-keepers that the onward march which the gratifying but unexpected success of *THE CRITIC* has demanded of it (and of which particulars will be seen in the address to the reader which opens the present number) will in no manner interfere with the privilege hitherto accorded to that numerous class of our kindest friends. Still *THE CRITIC* will be supplied to them by post, at the cost of the stamp and paper only, or *twopence per number*. But, for obvious reasons, this cannot be done, unless the order be for *one quarter* at the least, and postage stamps to the amount (*viz.* 2*s.* 2*d.*) be inclosed.

We shall be obliged by those who purpose renewing their subscriptions with the weekly publication transmitting their orders as soon as possible, for, without a fresh order, we should not perhaps be acting rightly to continue to forward the Journal.

In pursuance of suggestions from many quarters, we have enclosed *THE CRITIC* of this day in a coloured envelope, to those whose subscriptions are in arrear, and shall be obliged by their transmission.

A quantity of Prospectuses and Lists of Subscribers to *THE CRITIC* are now ready for delivery, and the country Booksellers and Newsmen who are willing to aid their circulation would serve us by stating how a packet of them may be transmitted, and what quantity they require.

The present is the dullest publishing season that has been known for many years. Translations of foreign works, and cheap reprints of standard English books, form the bulk of the supplies at the Booksellers. Either original talent is wanting, or it cannot find remuneration, but the fact is apparent that no works of genius are published or promised. Yet we cannot but believe that true merit would find as cordial a welcome now as ever; nay, a wider and more profitable fame, inasmuch as readers have vastly multiplied, and every year adds thousands to the ranks of the patrons of authors and booksellers.

We should much like to see the experiment tried of some original novels, published in volumes the size and price of the famous French fictions, namely, eighteen-

pence each, in duodecimo. We are confident they would amply remunerate the enterprise. Why should not their sale equal those of the French novels; and sure we are they would do so, if the purchase were to cost only a trifle more than the borrowing. An attempt might be made with a few translations from some of the choicest of the French fictions, imitating them in size, shape, price, and typography.

BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—At a general meeting of this society, held on Thursday, the 13th instant, at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, Bevis E. Green, esq. in the chair, the report of the board of directors for the year 1844 was read. It stated that the board of directors had felt it their duty to grant to two aged widows permanent assistance from the funds, thus affording relief and comparative comfort to those who would, in all probability, but for the provident care of their husbands in joining an institution like the present, have gone down to their graves in poverty and destitution. Temporary assistance had been granted to thirteen persons during the past year, three of those being widows. The number of members at present belonging to the institution is—life members, 278; annual subscribers, 129; honorary members, 48; total, 455. The sum already invested amounts to nearly 14,000*l.*, which, with the annual subscriptions, produces an income of nearly 800*l.* per annum, available for the objects of the institution.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS OF NAPOLEON, THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AND OTHER ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES.—On the 20th instant a Sale by auction of a large collection of autographs and private letters of royal and distinguished personages, some dating as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, took place at Mr. Fletcher's auction rooms, Piccadilly. The sale excited considerable interest; the various lots containing autographs of kings, naval and military heroes, statesmen, poets, artists, musicians, actors, &c. Among the monarchs were autographs of William III. (one of which sold for 1*l.*), Geo. II., Geo. III., and Geo. IV. A leaf from the copy-book of the latter written when he was six years of age—"Generous minds strive to excel in courtesy," sold for 10*s.* Of royal personages, there were several letters of the Dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Sussex, &c. Among the naval heroes there were autographs of Admirals Gambier, Rodney, Hotham, Stopford, &c. A frank of Lord Nelson's, addressed to the Lord Chancellor, and dated 1801, sold for 1*l.* 1*s.*; and an order, signed by that great man, addressed to Captain Calcraft, not to interrupt any Spanish ships, dated on board the Amphion, May 30, 1803, sold for 15*s.* A letter from the Duke of Wellington, in answer to one from John Greenwood, with reference to the statue of Achilles, sold for 11*s.* In his reply, the Duke of Wellington answers in the following laconic and characteristic manner—"Of all men living, the duke has the least to say to the statue about to be erected." Another letter of the duke's, addressed to his banker, and one from the Duchess of Wellington, sold for 15*s.* An autograph of Napoleon on an official document, sold for 17*s.* A letter of General Washington's, dated Mount Vernon, March 12, 1787, sold for 12*s.* The number of lots disposed of was 184, and the sum realized by the sale was near 300*l.* The principal purchasers were Mr. Dawson Turner, Mr. Barker, Mr. Bullock, Mr. Tayleur, and Mr. Simpson.—*Literary Intelligence.*

ROYAL CORPORATION OF THE LITERARY FUND.—The annual meeting of the members of this institution was held a few days since in the chambers of the corporation, Great Russell-street, Sir William Chatterton, bart. in the chair. The report stated that the sum dispensed during the past year to distressed authors and their families was 955*l.*, and that the total amount applied to this purpose since the formation of the society was 31,183*l.* Her Majesty had granted the institution the privilege of bearing the imperial crown, with the title of the "Royal Corporation of the Literary Fund." The Marquis of Lansdowne was re-elected president, and the vacancy caused by the death of the Earl of Mountnorris was filled by the appointment of the Archbishop of Dublin. Charles Dickens, esq.; Frazer Tytler, esq.; the Rev. Dr. Mill; Sir Harris Nicolas; Mr. Serjeant Talford, William Brockedon, esq.; and Edward Gandy, esq.; were elected members of the committee.

A new case has been opened at St. Petersburg for the special reception and arrangement of the skulls of all the various races of men who have inhabited the vast empire of Russia. Already the collection contains 122 specimens—five of which were found, in January last, in the neighbourhood of Novogorod, at a great depth below the surface of the soil, and in their conformation

resemble neither those of the actual inhabitants, nor of the Finnish or German races, which formerly occupied the centre of European Russia, conjointly with the Slavonic population. The Russian naturalists believe these skulls to have belonged to an Asiatic race, which had immigrated to Russia in Europe, and there become extinct,—as in Siberia the once numerous race of the Kergasses, of Mongolian origin, is gradually perishing.

THE LATE LAMAN BLANCHARD'S FAMILY.—The Committee of the Royal Corporation of the Literary Fund, at its meeting on Wednesday, the 19th instant, unanimously voted 100*l.* towards the fund now raising for the benefit of the family of this talented and lamented gentleman. The committee of distribution thus testified their respect for Mr. Blanchard's memory and their commiseration for the circumstances in which those dependent on his literary exertions were left by his premature death. We believe this is but the second instance in the history of this truly munificent society in which so large a sum has been voted to an individual case. Never can the exception to the general rule be more fully justified by the committee, nor more warmly commended by the subscribers, than by the affecting circumstances which combine to take this case out of the rule which applies to ordinary claims upon the Literary Fund.—*Globe.*

We hear that Mr. Howitt is engaged on a work which has occupied more or less of his attention for some years—"Visits to the Birthplaces and Resorts of the most eminent English Poets." We understand that it will include, not only visits to many of the most interesting spots in England, Ireland, and Scotland, but also in Switzerland, Italy, &c.

BOOKS RECEIVED

From March 12 to March 28.

NEW BOOKS.

The Progress of Music on the Continent.
Past and Present Policy of England towards Ireland.
Characteristics of the Greek Philosophers. By the Rev. J. P. POTTER, A.M.
Lays of the Heart, on various subjects. By W. J. BROCK.
Studies in English Poetry. By JOSEPH PAYNE.
American Facts. By GEORGE P. PUTNAM.
The Druid's Talisman; with other Poems. By the Rev. JOHN MARSHALL, A.B.

MUSIC.

Be Happy while you may; Song. Words by W. GODFREY; Music by F. N. CROUCH.
Yes! I have lov'd Thee! Ballad. Written and composed by Geo. J. O. ALLMAN.
Lord God Almighty! Composed by the CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

NEW EDITIONS.

Essays. Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments. By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.
Select Poetry for Children. By JOSEPH PAYNE. 3rd. edit.

ENGRAVINGS.

The Castle of Iachia. By C. STANFIELD.

SERIALS.

Insect Architecture. Vols. I. and II. By JAMES RENNIE.
British Manufactures. Metals. By G. DODD.
(Knight's Weekly Volumes.)

PERIODICALS.

Irish Union Magazine. No. I. March.
The Art Union. for March.
Westminster Review. No. LXXXIV.

PAMPHLETS.

Teetotalism Unmasked; being a Tract for the Times.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

[The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is 5*s.* each.]

DEATHS.

BLACKWOOD, Alexander. Esq. the eldest son of the late William Blackwood, of Edinburgh, suddenly, from the rupture of a blood-vessel, at Edinburgh, on Friday, 21st instant, aged 39.

To Readers and Correspondents.

B. M.—There was no mistake, we believe. The writer lives at a distance from town, but it was his honest opinion.

The Hymn is inadmissible.

Many interesting reports of Mesmeric cases are unavoidably postponed for want of room.

A. B.—The *Zoist* is a quarterly and not a monthly publication.

The citation of November for October was an oversight.

ERRATUM.—In our report of the case of Ellen Dawson in last number of this journal it was stated that the young lady who wore ringlets was in the dining-room at a subsequent time of the evening; this was an error disadvantageous to the clairvoyante, for the fact is that, as had been described, the lady was actually sitting in the dining-room at the very moment when the somnambule said she was.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

AGRICULTURE.

Agriculture, Journal of. New Series, No. VIII. 8vo. ad. 3s.

ANTIQUITIES.

Dunkin, A. J.—A Report of the Proceedings of the British Archaeological Association. 8vo. pp. 398, with 16 plates, cl. 21s.

ART.

Pye, J.—Patronage of British Art. 8vo. pp. 430, cl. 14s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Walton, I.—Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson. New ed. with Illustrative Notes, Portraits, &c. Fep. pp. 472, cl. 10s.

Leibnitz, G. W. Von, Life of. By John M. Mackie. 12mo. pp. 360, cl. 5s.

Sparks, J.—Library of American Biography. Second Series, Vol. IV. 12mo. pp. 458, cl. 7s. 6d.

CLASSICS.

Owen, J. J.—The Odyssey of Homer. 12mo. pp. 529, bound, 9s.

EDUCATION.

Wyse, T.—Speech of Thomas Wyse, Esq. M.P. on the Extension and Improvement of Academic and University Education in Ireland. 8vo. pp. 152, ad. 2s. 6d.

Abbot, J.—The Little Scholar learning to Talk. 3rd ed. square, pp. 104, cl. 1s. 6d.

M'Alpine, N.—Pronouncing Gaelic Dictionary. 2d. ed. 12mo. (Edinburgh), pp. 336, cl. 6s.

German Grammar for Beginners; by Wilhelm Klaus Klatowaki. 12mo. pp. 95, cl. 3s.

Day, H. N.—The Art of Elocution. 12mo. (U.S.) pp. 264, bound, 5s.

Bloomfield, S. T.—Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament. 2nd ed. 12mo. pp. 558, cl. 10s. 6d.

FICTION.

Standard Novels. Vol. XCV.—Richard Savage; a Romance of Real Life. By Charles Whitehead. Fep. pp. 490, cl. 6s.

Ward, The.—of the Crown, an Historical Novel. By the Author of "Seymour of Sudley." 3 vols. post 8vo. pp. 1006, bds. 31s. 6d.

Waverley Novels, Abbotsford Edition. Vol. 7, royal 8vo. pp. 738, steel engravings and woodcuts, cl. 28s.

Birthday, The.—By the Author of "Gideon," "Josiah," &c. 2nd edit. fep. pp. 192, cl. 3s. 6d.

Geography and Topography.

Canada.—Armour and Ramsay's Map of. In cl. case, 15s.

Rome, as seen by a New Yorker, in 1843-4. 12mo. pp. 224, cl. 5s.

Howitt, R.—Impressions of Australia Felix, during Four Years' Residence in that Colony. Fep. pp. 376, cl. 7s.

Lewis, G.—Impressions of America and the American Churches. Post 8vo. pp. 440, cl. 6s. 6d.

HISTORY.

Gleig, G. R.—Sketch of the Military History of Great Britain. Fep. pp. 312, cl. 3s. 6d.

Analysis of Scripture History. Fep. pp. 196, bds. 3s. 6d.

Bowes, A.—A Practical Synopsis of English History. 8vo. pp. 36, ad. 2s.

Chalmers G.—An Introduction to the History of the Revolt of the American Colonies. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 840, cl. 30s.

Mac Farlane, C.—Cabinet History of England. Vol. III. 18mo. pp. 234, ad. 1s.

Whittaker's Popular Library.—Michelet's History of France. Translated by G. H. Smith, F.G.S. Royal 8vo. pp. 143-282, ad. 3s. 6d.

Thiers' History of the French Revolution Part IV. pp. 289-384, ad. 2s. 6d.

LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.

Archbold's Justice of the Peace and Parish Officer. 3rd edit. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 2,314, bds. 3s.

Cripps, H. W.—Practical Treatise on the Laws relating to the Church and the Clergy. 8vo. pp. 806, bds. 25s.

Jeremy, H.—Analytical Digest of all the Reports of Cases decided in the Courts of Common Law and Equity, of Appeal and Nisi Prius, and in the Ecclesiastical Courts, in the Year 1844. Royal 8vo. pp. 306, bds. 9s.

Lumley, W. G.—General Orders of the Poor-Law Commissioners for regulating Parish Apprentices. 12mo. pp. 194, bds. 4s.

Watkins, C.—Principles of Conveyancing. Part I. with Annotations by George Morley

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BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—At a general meeting of this society, held on Thursday, the 13th instant, at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, Bevis E. Green, esq. in the chair, the report of the board of directors for the year 1844 was read. It stated that the board of directors had felt it their duty to grant to two aged widows permanent assistance from the fund, thus affording relief and comparative comfort to those who would, in all probability, but for the provident care of their husbands in joining an institution like the present, have gone down to their graves in poverty and destitution. Temporary assistance had been granted to thirteen persons during the past year, three of those being widows. The number of members at present belonging to the institution is—life members, 278; annual subscribers, 129; honorary members, 48; total, 455. The sum already invested amounts to nearly 14,000*l.*, which, with the annual subscriptions, produces an income of nearly 800*l.* per annum, available for the objects of the institution.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS OF NAPOLEON, THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AND OTHER ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES.—On the 20th instant a Sale by auction of a large collection of autographs and private letters of royal and distinguished personages, some dating as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, took place at Mr. Fletcher's auction rooms, Piccadilly. The sale excited considerable interest; the various lots containing autographs of kings, naval and military heroes, statesmen, poets, artists, musicians, actors, &c. Among the monarchs were autographs of William III. (one of which sold for 1*l.*), Geo. II., Geo. III., and Geo. IV. A leaf from the copy-book of the latter written when he was six years of age—"Generous minds strive to excel in courtesy," sold for 10*s.* Of royal personages, there were several letters of the Dukes of York, Clarence, Kent, Sussex, &c. Among the naval heroes there were autographs of Admirals Gambier, Rodney, Hotham, Stopford, &c. A frank of Lord Nelson's, addressed to the Lord Chancellor, and dated 1801, sold for 1*l.* 1*s.*; and an order, signed by that great man, addressed to Captain Calcraft, not to interrupt any Spanish ships, dated on board the Amphion, May 30, 1803, sold for 15*s.* A letter from the Duke of Wellington, in answer to one from John Greenwood, with reference to the statue of Achilles, sold for 11*s.* In his reply, the Duke of Wellington answers in the following laconic and characteristic manner—"Of all men living, the duke has the least to say to the statue about to be erected." Another letter of the duke's, addressed to his banker, and one from the Duchess of Wellington, sold for 15*s.* An autograph of Napoleon to an official document, sold for 17*s.* A letter of General Washington's, dated Mount Vernon, March 12, 1787, sold for 12*s.* The number of lots disposed of was 184, and the sum realized by the sale was near 300*l.* The principal purchasers were Mr. Dawson Turner, Mr. Barker, Mr. Bullock, Mr. Tayleure, and Mr. Simpson.—*Literary Intelligence.*

ROYAL CORPORATION OF THE LITERARY FUND.—The annual meeting of the members of this institution was held a few days since in the chambers of the corporation, Great Russell-street, Sir William Chatterton, bart. in the chair. The report stated that the sum dispensed during the past year to distressed authors and their families was 955*l.* and that the total amount applied to this purpose since the formation of the society was 31,183*l.* Her Majesty had granted the institution the privilege of bearing the imperial crown, with the title of the "Royal Corporation of the Literary Fund." The Marquis of Lansdowne was re-elected president, and the vacancy caused by the death of the Earl of Mountnorris was filled by the appointment of the Archbishop of Dublin. Charles Dickens, esq.; Frazer Tytler, esq.; the Rev. Dr. Mill; Sir Harris Nicolas; Mr. Serjeant Taftourd, William Brockedon, esq.; and Edward Gandy, esq.; were elected members of the committee.

A *muséum* has been opened at St. Petersburg for the special reception and arrangement of the skulls of all the various races of men who have inhabited the vast empire of Russia. Already the collection contains 122 specimens—five of which were found, in January last, in the neighbourhood of Novogorod, at a great depth below the surface of the soil, and in their conformation

resemble neither those of the actual inhabitants, nor of the Finnish or German races, which formerly occupied the centre of European Russia, conjointly with the Slavonic population. The Russian naturalists believe these skulls to have belonged to an Asiatic race, which had immigrated to Russia in Europe, and there become extinct,—as in Siberia the once numerous race of the Kergasses, of Mongolian origin, is gradually perishing.

THE LATE LAMAN BLANCHARD'S FAMILY.—The Committee of the Royal Corporation of the Literary Fund, at its meeting on Wednesday, the 19th instant, unanimously voted 100*l.* towards the fund now raising for the benefit of the family of this talented and lamented gentleman. The committee of distribution thus testified their respect for Mr. Blanchard's memory and their commiseration for the circumstances in which those dependent on his literary exertions were left by his premature death. We believe this is but the second instance in the history of this truly munificent society in which so large a sum has been voted to an individual case. Never can the exception to the general rule be more fully justified by the committee, nor more warmly commended by the subscribers, than by the affecting circumstances which combine to take this case out of the rule which applies to ordinary claims upon the Literary Fund.—*Globe.*

We hear that Mr. Howitt is engaged on a work which has occupied more or less of his attention for some years—"Visits to the Birthplaces and Resorts of the most eminent English Poets." We understand that it will include, not only visits to many of the most interesting spots in England, Ireland, and Scotland, but also in Switzerland, Italy, &c.

BOOKS RECEIVED

From March 12 to March 28.

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PERIODICALS.

Irish Union Magazine. No. I. March.
The Art Union for March.
Westminster Review. No. LXXXIV.

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Tetotalism Unmasked; being a Tract for the Times.

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[The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is 5*s.* each.]

DEATHS.

BLACKWOOD, Alexander, Esq. the eldest son of the late William Blackwood, of Edinburgh, suddenly, from the rupture of a blood-vessel, at Edinburgh, on Friday, 21st instant, aged 39.

To Readers and Correspondents.

B. M.—There was no mistake, we believe. The writer lives at a distance from town, but it was his honest opinion.
The Hymn is inadmissible.

Many interesting reports of Mesmeric cases are unavoidably postponed for want of room.

A. B.—The *Zoist* is a quarterly and not a monthly publication.

The citation of November for October was an oversight.

ERRATUM.—In our report of the case of Ellen Dawson in last number of this journal it was stated that the young lady who wore ringlets was in the dining-room at a subsequent time of the evening; this was an error disadvantageous to the *clairvoyante*, for the fact is that, as had been described, the lady was actually sitting in the dining-room at the very moment when the somnambule said she was.

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SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF JOSEPH LINGARD, A RECENTLY RETURNED CONVICT FROM NEW SOUTH WALES.—The subject of this memoir was born of poor but honest parents, at Milton, near Chapel-en-le-Frith, in the year 1788, and, when able, was put to hand-loom weaving, which was then a comfortable and well-paid occupation; but the decline in that branch of manufacture, and its sedentary character, greatly estranged his mind from that employment, and he betook himself to other pursuits more congenial to his taste. In the year 1835, Lingard and another were accused of having stolen a door-lock of the value of 1s. 6d. from some dilapidated premises in the neighbourhood of their residence. Upon this charge they were tried and convicted at Derby, and were sentenced to be transported for the term of seven years. Unfortunately for the accused, they were poor and almost friendless; and having to be tried at a distance of forty miles from their homes, and being unable to employ counsel, convictions were easily obtained; although, in justice to the accused, it ought to be stated, that a witness is now living who could prove that the two men were innocent of the crime imputed to them. Lingard was sent to the hulks, at Woolwich, where he remained two years, whence he was sent to New South Wales. Upon his arrival there, he was employed, with others, to drive cattle to the plains of Manaria, above 350 miles from Sydney. Whilst in this occupation, Lingard gained the good opinion of the officer under whom he served, and that gentleman placed him as a domestic servant in his own house, where he continued the remainder of his term. The long looked for period having arrived, and having had from the first a longing desire to return to the bosom of his family in his own native land, he resolved to accomplish what he had long contemplated; and, by permission of his old master, he commenced shooting birds and wild animals, for the purpose of carrying home. Above two years he devoted to this pursuit, his success far exceeding his most sanguine expectations, he having succeeded in killing and preserving about five hundred of the choicest birds and animals in that climate, all of which he landed at the London Dock in August last, having worked his passage over, and, by the assistance of friends, paid duty and carriage to a considerable amount. The collection is now stuffed, classified, and placed in large glass cases, covering a surface of 520 feet, and, together with a case of warlike implements, used by the natives, are intended for exhibition. To describe, or even name the birds, would be an almost endless task, and would far exceed the limits of a newspaper; but for beauty of plumage and variety of species, they are allowed by all who have seen them to surpass any collection of the kind ever seen in this country. One remark made by Lingard, respecting the climate of New South Wales, is somewhat startling to emigrants. He gives it as his opinion, from what he has seen of the country, that owing to the uncertainty of the seasons and the destruction arising from the hot parching winds which frequently visit that climate, crops are greatly damaged, if not entirely destroyed, and vast numbers of cattle fall victims to the destructive element, the consequence of which is frequently found ruinous to adventurers who have embarked their capital in such a hazardous speculation.—*Derby Reporter*.

VACCINATION IN FRANCE.—The *Journal des Debats* states that, according to a document lately published by the Minister of Commerce on the vaccinations performed in France during the year 1843, it appears that of 910,337 children born during that year, there were 547,646 vaccinated, or rather more than one-half. That of those vaccinated, 11,779 were attacked with the smallpox. Of the latter, 1,294 became disfigured or infirm, and 1,379 died in consequence of the disease. The amount of the expenses incurred by vaccination was 205,714*fr*. The report contains the following information:—"1st. Vaccination loses its efficacy with time, but the smallpox seldom attacks the vaccinated before ten, and sometimes twenty or twenty-five years. 2nd. The cases of smallpox are less serious in subjects who have been vaccinated than others. 3rd. The only mode of renewing the vaccinating matter is to take it from the cow. 4th. Children in the womb are subject to be attacked with smallpox. They are preserved by vaccinating their mothers whilst in a state of pregnancy."

DISCOVERY OF A NEW ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC.—The *New York Courier and Inquirer* publishes the following account of the discovery of a new island in the Pacific Ocean by Captain Simmons, of the brigantine *Faith*:—"Captain Simmons was on his way from Sydney to Valparaiso, and, after leaving Otaheite, first saw it on the 31st of October, 1843. Seen from the deck of the vessel, the island had the appearance of a mass of rocks, but a nearer approach shewed it to be an island, covered with cocoa-nut trees, with thick underbush. When convinced that it was an island, Captain Simmons supposed it might be one already known, and at first mistook it for Carisfoot. To be sure, however, he

lowered his boat, and attempted to land, but was prevented by a reef of black coral rocks, with heavy breakers, which surrounded the island. He went completely round it, however, and found it to be about six miles in circumference. At a short distance from it he found no sounding in sixty fathoms of water. After examining it for two or three hours, as thoroughly as he deemed necessary, he steered for Carisfoot, according to his reckoning, made it in the course of a few hours, and passed to the south of it. A large lagoon was in the middle of the island, which seemed to be rich and fertile. On reaching Valparaiso, where he remained for some months, he waited upon the commander of the British squadron, and informed him of the discovery. He examined the most recent English charts, but no indication of such an island was to be found. It is situate in the track from Otaheite to Valparaiso, in south latitude 21 degrees and 10 minutes, and west longitude 138 degrees 54 minutes. He named it the Isle of Faith, from his vessel."

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